

Leatherneck

DEC. 1961

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

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HAWK

Pearl Harbor:
20 Years Ago



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this calls for

Budweiser



*saturday
night... you're out at a friendly place*

*enjoying the good things in life...the music,
the singing, the holiday talk, the Budweiser.*

Where there's life...there's Bud.

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coverage with a pri-
Defense Directive
driver (with insur-
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ability rates.

In the rate sec-
your age and mar-

RATES . . .

- 25 & over . . .
- 25 & over . . .
- 21-24 . . .
- 21-24 . . .
- Under 21 . . .
- Under 21 . . .

EASY PAYMENT

1/3 of Premium p
1/3 of Premium d
1/3 of Premium e
Add \$1.00 to each

PLEASE F
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Application

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NOTE:
wife, only

IMMEDIATE
COVERAGE

EASY
PAYMENTS

SAVE on AUTO INSURANCE

Within 24 hours after the application at the bottom is filled out properly, accompanied by payment, mailed and postmarked, our auto liability insurance can be in effect. Actually, your base insurance begins as soon as the application is postmarked. You can have lower rates and nationwide claim coverage with a policy that meets the requirements of Dept. of Defense Directive 1344.6, and provides passenger and other cover (with insured's permission) coverage on and off post. Write for our collision and overseas rates and our Virginia liability rates.

In the rate section below, check the square which denotes your age and marital classification. Then determine whether the

state you are based in requires, 5,000/10,000/5,000 or 10,000/20,000/5,000 liability limits. If you are not familiar with the requirements, call your base auto registration office.

After checking the appropriate premium for either the 6 or 12 month policy, add a \$5.00 service-charge minimum if you plan to pay the entire amount with your application.

If you prefer the easy pay plan listed below the rates, figure the amount of your first payment, then proceed to the application, fill it out, and mail it along with your check or money order to Inter-Service Underwriters, P. O. Box 1461, Texarkana, Arkansas.

ATES . . .

25 & over.....Married
25 & over.....Single
21-24.....Married
21-24.....Single
Under 21.....Married
Under 21.....Single

\$5,000/\$10,000/\$5,000
Liability Coverage

	12 Months	6 Months
<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 51.00	<input type="checkbox"/> \$35.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 65.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 43.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 86.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 56.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 125.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 79.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 110.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 70.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 144.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 90.00	

\$10,000/\$20,000/\$5,000
Liability Coverage

	12 Months	6 Months
<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 79.00	<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 52.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 97.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 61.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 109.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 70.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 127.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 79.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 158.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 98.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> 163.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 103.00	

CASH PAYMENT PLAN—PREMIUM IN FULL PLUS \$5.00 SERVICE CHARGE

EASY PAYMENT PLAN FOR SIX MONTH POLICY

3 of Premium plus \$8.00 service charge with application
3 of Premium due 30 days from date of policy
3 of Premium due 60 days from date of policy
Add \$1.00 to each payment for finance charge.

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1/4 of Premium due 30 days from date of policy
1/4 of Premium due 60 days from date of policy
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Application For P. L. and P. D. Insurance

RANK & NAME _____

SERIAL NO. _____ AGE _____

WIFE'S NAME IF MARRIED _____

AGE _____

MIL. UNIT & BASE _____

RACE _____

MARRIED
 SINGLE

SEND POLICY TO (ADDRESS) _____

PERMANENT HOME ADDRESS _____

DESCRIPTION OF AUTOMOBILE CAR YEAR	MAKE	MODEL	BODY STYLE	MOTOR OR SERIAL NO.	CYL.	REGISTERED IN WHAT STATE?
---------------------------------------	------	-------	------------	---------------------	------	------------------------------

How many accidents have you or your spouse been involved in during the past year? _____ If one or more, give complete description on separate sheet; also include date, charges, insurance company involved etc.

Insurance does not become effective unless you (1) complete ALL PARTS of this application, (2) SIGN IT, and (3) enclose CORRECT PAYMENT of whichever pay plan you select. Coverage is effective ON BASE from date and hour of postmark on application. OFF BASE Coverage is effective 24 hours from date and hour of postmark on application if you have fully complied with above requirements and this application is approved by Home Office.

This Application is for LIABILITY insurance only and restricted to continental limits of United States, its territories and possessions, Canada. Premium designated includes policy fee for agent which, with commission, is fully earned at time of policy issuance. The above statements are warranties and not representations, and I declare that I have withheld no information whatsoever relative thereto. I agree that this proposal shall be the express basis of the Contract between the Company and me. I further agree that the insured vehicle will not be used for commercial or share-the-expense purposes.

Application is made for a _____ months policy with premium \$ _____ and I wish to pay

\$ _____ down plus \$ _____ service charge or a total of \$ _____. I will pay balance, if any, as per payment plan.

Date of Discharge _____

Sign Here _____

Date _____

NOTE: Old style policy which provides passenger coverage, and coverage for anyone driving other than insured and wife, only while on post may still be obtained if acceptable to Base. If this desired, use 70% of rates shown.

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Leatherneck

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DECEMBER, 1961

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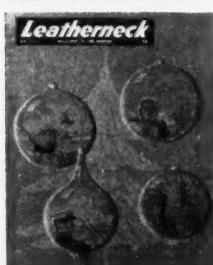
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THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

Christmas greetings from the "Ready Marines" stationed at outposts throughout the world is depicted on this month's cover by artist John De Grasse.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least FIVE WEEKS before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address LEATHERNECK Magazine, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Send OLD address with new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you forward extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

POSTMASTER: If this magazine is addressed to a member of the United States military service, whose address has been changed by official orders, it may be forwarded except to overseas FPO's without additional postage. See section 157.4 Postal Manual. Send form 3579 to Leatherneck, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

Edited

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SOUND OFF



Edited by SSgt Thurlow D. Ellis

NOTICE

Persons who write to *Leatherneck's* "Sound Off" Department are requested to include their name, service number, rank (if applicable) and complete address.

Each letter, whether it is published in "Sound Off" or not, receives a personal reply—if a return address appears on the envelope. Names will be withheld from publication if requested. If you desire a personal reply only, please make your wishes known in your letter.—Ed.

RECORD MAKER

Dear Sir:

Your article in the July issue, *Leatherneck Magazine*, on the Transplacement Battalion, brought back many fond memories. Having spent a tour of duty with the 1st Battalion, Seventh Marines, from April 1, 1955, to May 1, 1961, I feel that it is "my" battalion. I would also like to know if that is any kind of a record for time in the battalion.

SSgt George E. Galvan
Recruiters School
MCRDep

Parris Island, S.C.

• Maybe some of our readers will know if it's a record.—Ed.

REGULAR READER

I am a regular reader of the *Leatherneck Magazine*, and I enjoy it very much. I wish every mother with sons in the Marine Corps would read the magazine and get a better understanding of the Marines.

When my oldest boy enlisted, I was a nervous wreck. I thought of all the worst things that would happen to him; then he sent me the *Leatherneck*, and it gave me a different picture. I am very proud of the Marines and my sons. You see, I am the mother of six sons; two are in the Corps, and another one

to come in in February. . . .

When my sons were babies, I prayed to God that when they grew up they would be good men that I, and everyone else, could be proud of. I am happy to know that God has answered those prayers. I am also very happy that they chose the Marine Corps as their branch of service.

You are doing a very good job with our boys; hats off to you.

Mrs. Edna Mae Handy
1832 North 6th St.
Harrisburg, Pa.

• Our hats are off to you, Mrs. Handy.—Ed.

LANGUAGE SCHOOLS

Dear Sir:

I would like to know if retired personnel are eligible to attend either the Army Language School, Monterey, Calif., or the Navy Language School, Anacostia, D.C., at their own expense.

Sgt Kenneth B. Endholz, Retd
792 Redmond St.
Teaneck, N.J.

• Retired personnel are not considered eligible to attend the Army and Navy



HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT
WASHINGTON, D.C.

COMMANDANT'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE - 1961

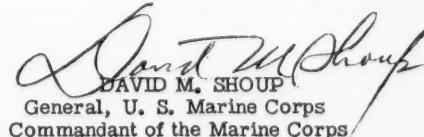
To all Marines, and to their families, I extend my warmest personal greetings and my very best wishes for a Merry Christmas.

In the spirit of the season, we turn our thoughts to the Star of Bethlehem, to the three wise men of the Orient who traveled far bearing gifts, and to the Child in a manger. As we recall the story of the birth of Christ, we are inspired again by its promise of peace and brotherhood.

It is a promise, we know, that can be fulfilled only when the dignity of the individual and the freedom of the mind and spirit are recognized throughout the world. These are the ideals of America and the free world. They are ideals which Marines stand ready to defend against any forces of tyranny and aggression.

On this Christmas of 1961, may we recall the age-old words "on earth, peace, good will toward men" with renewed meaning and rededicate ourselves to the service of right and freedom.

May the spirit of Christmas be with Marines and all who are dear to them not only at this season but throughout the coming year.


DAVID M. SHOUP
General, U. S. Marine Corps
Commandant of the Marine Corps

language schools unless the training provided by these schools would be required as a result of their being recalled to active duty, or their employment by some agency of the Federal Government.—Ed.

MEDALS INFORMATION

Dear Sir:

I have two questions concerning medals and decorations. First, is the

TURN PAGE

NOTICE

Marine Aircraft Group-33 needs photographs of past Commanding Officers for display at the Group Headquarters.

Anyone having pictures are requested to forward them to MAG-33 Historical Officer, who will return them after they have been copied.

WO Ronald D. Newman
Historical Officer
MAG-33, 3d MAW, AirFMFPac
MCAS, El Toro, Calif.

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Brochures on Request

SOUND OFF (cont.)

newly authorized Philippine PUC worn with the gilt frame the same as the Korean PUC?

Secondly, the awards manual has an "open date" for Marine Barracks, Yokosuka, Japan, for eligibility for the Navy Occupation Service Medal.

I served at MB, Yokosuka during 1954-1955, and would like to know if I'm authorized the Navy Occupation Service Medal. I was not awarded the Korean medals for this particular period.

What am I eligible for?

GySgt Donald M. Kelly
HqBn., MCSA

1100 S. Broad St.

Philadelphia 46, Pa.

● *The Philippine Republic Presidential Unit Citation Badge consists of a ribbon bar only, and is composed of red, white and blue stripes evenly spaced and enclosed in a frame. Under Navy regulations, it will be worn after the Philippine campaign ribbons and immediately preceding the Korean Presidential Unit Citation ribbon, with the blue stripe inboard.*

You are entitled to the Korean Service Medal for your service in Korea and Japan. You are not entitled to the Navy Occupation Service Medal for your service in Japan, because service which meets requirements for the Korean Service Medal cannot be credited toward this award.—Ed.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir:

I have been having trouble explaining where the attention addressee is located on Naval correspondence.

The Naval Correspondence Manual shows this example: Commandant, Twelfth Naval District (DRMO).

It indicates that the attention line follows the functional title.

We have been instructed to use the following format within this unit: Commanding Officer, 3d Battalion, 2d Marines, 2d Marine Division, FMF, (Attn: S-1).

It is my belief that the attention line should be listed after the functional title, i.e., Commanding Officer (S-1); Commanding General (G-1), etc., and then followed by the organization and location, i.e., Commanding Officer (S-1), 3d Battalion, 2d Marines, 2d Marine Division . . . , etc.

Correspondence from Headquarters Marine Corps is a good example of the format I have used in the past, i.e., Commandant of the Marine Corps (Code DGH), Headquarters Marine Corps. . . . Also an example that could

DIVISION PATCH

About mid-1943, a shoulder patch was approved for wear by members of the Third Marine Division. The method of selection, name of the designer, significance of the colors and form of the design are unknown. The records of Headquarters, Marine Corps, are silent on the subject. The only avenue of information now available is to contact the person or persons who may have knowledge of the events surrounding the selection of the shoulder patch.

As of the present date, the following information from Captain Paul Kerns, USMC, Retd, Assistant Division Adjutant, at that time, is pertinent.

"One day in Mid-1943, while the Division was stationed in New Zealand, a committee, headed by a young major, appeared in the Division Adjutant's office and announced that a design for a Division shoulder patch had been selected from the many designs submitted in response to a contest.

"The design, along with the name of the designer and an explanation of the colors, form, etc., of the design was submitted to the Adjutant for proper action. I remember forwarding the selected design to the CMC for approval. I do not remember any of the other details."

Because of the sketchy information available, it is requested that anyone knowing any information concerning the following question please contact me.

(1) Was there a contest held for design of the Division shoulder patch? If so, who conducted the contest? Was the directive written or oral? Do you know of any who might have a copy of the directive?

(2) Was there a committee formed to make selection from designs submitted? If so, who was head of the committee?

(3) What is the name of the designer? What unit was he serving with at the time of the contest? Where is he now?

(4) What was the meaning of the colors, form, design, etc., of the insignia as given by the designer?

CWO T. O. Kelly, USMC, Retd
Executive Vice President,
Third Marine Division Association
1418 Valley Crest Blvd.
Annandale, Va.

be compared with the one in the Correspondence Manual is; Commandant, Marine Corps Schools. . . . Marine Corps Schools is part of the functional title in this case and is also the location address; therefore this is an example where the attention addressee

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

If you smoke for pleasure, not just from habit, discover the great taste of great tobaccos in Chesterfield King. Twenty-one vintage tobaccos are grown mild...aged mild...blended mild—not filtered mild—to be so truly satisfying. Your pleasure's long and true and filter-free. No wonder "They Satisfy."

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TOBACCO'S
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20
WONDERFUL
SMOKES!



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\$14.75 each

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 4]

follows the location, i.e., Commandant, Marine Corps Schools (G-1).

Sgt Allen L. Jones
Co. "K", 3d Bn., 2d Mar
2dMarDiv, FMF
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

● *An attention line, when required on a Naval letter, is typed in parentheses after the functional title of the organization addressed, i.e., Commandant of the Marine Corps (Code ABW), Chief of Industrial Relations (Code 600), or Commanding General, Marine Corps Recruit Depot (Code XYZ), San Diego, Calif. The word "attention" is not necessary; the fact that information is in parentheses calls attention to the actual part of the particular activity addressed.*

Since most of our activities and other government agencies follow a coding system, (Code_____) would be the correct method of identification.

Attention lines are reserved for business-form letters.

A complete functional title is not simply Commanding Officer or Commanding General. Commanding General of what? Therefore, Commanding Gen-

eral, Marine Corps Recruit Depot (Code XYZ), San Diego, Calif., would be the method of identification.—Ed.

ROYAL FUSILIER

Dear Sir:

Your issue for September had a letter that roughed up my memory and took me back to the war years. I refer to Robert K. Walgren's inquiry about U. S. Marines in Europe.

I was about 16, when working as a messenger for a publishing house here in London, and will always remember the chats I had with U. S. personnel around Grosvenor Square. As a member of The First Cadet Battalion, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), I had naturally undergone strict British Army drill, and one incident sticks firmly in my mind, and that was when I watched some of your Marines being square bashed in a mews, just in back of The Square.

I may say that the squad was meticulous, and although your drill differs—or did—greatly from ours, I was enthralled at the precision of movement.

These men I take it from the answer you gave Mr. Walgren would probably have been Embassy Guards, but whoever they were, they were a credit to the Corps.

May I take this opportunity to say
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

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A. M. Bolognese & Sons

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Full Dress Uniforms and Civilian Evening Clothes A Specialty.

Let us mount your medals and fill your insignia and ornament needs.

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Trousers, \$25.00
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Campaign Hats
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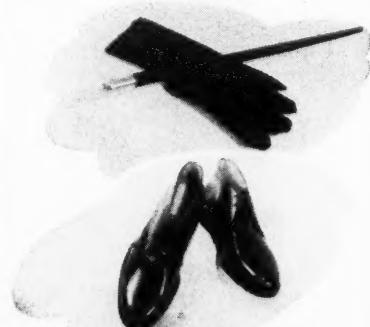
Height..... Pants Inseam..... Seat..... Cap.....

Weight..... Neck..... Sleeve..... Glove.....

Waist..... Chest..... (outseam) Shoe.....

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(ORTHOPEDIC WORK DONE)**

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1 CORPS QUIZ?

Prepared by

SSgt Chris Evans

1. The First Marine Division made headlines on Christmas Day, 1943, when it landed at _____.

- (a) Empress Augusta Bay
- (b) Kolombangra
- (c) Cape Gloucester

2. Washington crossed the Delaware in 1776 and assaulted Trenton for a Christmas Day victory that is said to have _____.

- (a) put the British to rout
- (b) heralded the birth of American independence
- (c) demoralized the enemy

3. Orville Wright made the first airplane flight on December 17, 1903, which lasted _____ and covered _____.

- (a) 12 seconds; 120 feet
- (b) 59 seconds; 880 feet
- (c) 47 seconds; 674 feet

4. Italy and Germany declared war on the United States on _____.

- (a) December 7, 1941
- (b) December 11, 1941
- (c) December 8, 1941

5. One of the primary terrain features which enabled American pilots to effectively bomb Tokyo during WW II was _____.

- (a) the Great Buddha of Kamakura
- (b) the five story Pagoda of Nara
- (c) Mount Fuji

6. The motto of the United States, as adopted in 1956, is _____.

- (a) E Pluribus Unum
- (b) In God We Trust
- (c) Semper Fidelis

7. The helicopter was invented in 1909 by _____.

- (a) Robert Fulton
- (b) Igor I. Sikorsky
- (c) Leonardo da Vinci

8. The motto, "Semper Fidelis," was adopted by the U.S. Marines in _____.

- (a) 1880
- (b) 1933
- (c) 1776

9. The machine gun was invented in 1861 by _____.

- (a) John M. Browning
- (b) Richard J. Gatling
- (c) Alfred B. Nobel

10. "Per Mare, Per Terram" is the British Royal Marine motto, meaning _____.

- (a) by sea and land
- (b) for the Queen
- (c) by land, sea, and air

See answers on page 13. Score 10 points for each correct answer; 10 to 30 points fair; 40 to 60 good; 70 to 80 excellent; 90 to 100 outstanding.

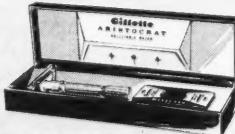
Christmas Shop for Men in Minutes!

MODERN ... LUXURIOUS ...

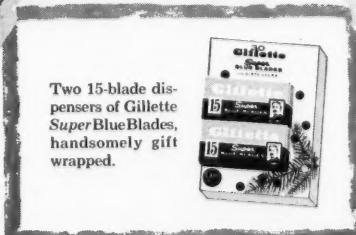
Gillette Gifts



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Two 15-blade dispensers of Gillette Super Blue Blades, handsomely gift wrapped.



Gillette Foamy Instant Lather plus new king-size Right Guard Power-Spray Deodorant for men.

Behind the Lines...



Fred Stolley

THE DAY after Fred Stolley retired from the Marine Corps he walked into the photo lab to pick up his new I.D. card. The teen-age Woman Marine at the desk smiled at him sweetly, ruffled through her files, and came up with a card.

"Oh," she exclaimed as she checked the card. "They've made a ridiculous mistake."

"How so?" queried the truculent Gunner.

"They got down here you were born in 1912," she chortled. "Isn't that silly? Nobody, but nobody, is left that was born in 1912."

But Stolley was.

After snatching the card from the startled girl's hand, he wasted five minutes briefing her on the facts of life before he yacood off in a huff to join 1stSgt Rosoff on a Canadian fishing trip that resulted in another *Leatherneck* story, "The Big Ones Run Deep."

He had kicked around half a world, and had written several seabags full of sea stories for various civilian and service publications, before he wrote his first story for *Leatherneck* in 1950. His first published works were in 1939 for the *Bamboo Breezes*, a Navy Yard publication at Cavite in the Philippines. He did all his work while standing the twelve-to-four watches as Commandant's orderly, and hid his identity under the pen name, *Malihini*, which means "newcomer" in Hawaiian. It wasn't until after he left for China that the Bar-

racks Beagles found out who was slandering them in print each week and, by that time, it was too late for the rough hemp party they had slated for the unknown pseudo Winchell.

It was in Cavite that he first created the character of Willie Chipmunk and "Genebra" Skolski, and he carried them with him on to Shanghai where they cavorted through the pages of the *Walla Walla*, newsweekly of the old Fourth Marines.

Originally, Chipmunk and Skolski spoke a Marine Corps vernacular which was printed in phonetic spelling. This was necessary, explains Stolley, because the professional Marines of the day were mostly foreign born. The phonetic spelling made it easy for the lip-readers to get the gist of the crude plots.

As the Corps grew in size and education, so did the two characters. They now speak a reasonable facsimile of the King's English, much to the disgust of the old-timers.

He finally got on the staff of the *Walla Walla* and was the last editor of that journal. When the Fourth Marines pulled out of Shanghai to go to the Philippines, Stolley carried a trunk with him full of the *Walla Walla*'s stock cuts. He was expecting to set up shop again at Olongapo, but the Japanese had other plans for him.

His first meeting with the Japanese is told in his story, "We Started To Live Again," on pages 34 to 37 in this issue.

After the war he had a tour of recruiting duty at St. Louis and then went to FMFLant Headquarters at Norfolk. There he wrote "The Olde Corps" which was immediately hailed by the "New Corps" as an expression of confidence in the new breed.

A year later he wrote "Chipmunk's Pay," a satire on the Marine Corps pay system. It was acclaimed by the troops, but Stolley found that the pay sections all over the country had also read the piece. From then on he was always the last man to receive his TAD and travel checks.

In Korea, in 1952, he roved the lines as a combat correspondent and took time out to write "Brown vs. Green." Again he got immediate recognition. They took

him away from his carefree life on the lines and made him press chief back at the First Division C. P.

Since then *Leatherneck* has published a score or more of his stories. He harks back a lot to the old Corps and uses his experience in the Far East to color his pieces. Sometimes it's hard to separate fact from fiction. For example, take "Fireworks at Motoyama," in the July, 1954, old Fourth Marines.

The story was a fictionalized version of how a group of POWs managed to blow up the powder house of a Japanese copper mine. To give the story flavor, Stolley made a friend the hero. Two weeks after the issue was out, the friend was being questioned by Navy Intelligence as to why he hadn't made a report of the sabotage after the war.

"Don't you EVER make me a hero again," the friend wrote him.

On September 1, 1957, he shed the forest green for mufti and in the March, 1958, issue, he cut us in on what civilian life was like with "How Does It Feel To Be Retired?"

But civilian life couldn't have been too rough on him. In 1959, we got a piece titled "Blackie Was a Bird Dog." It was the story of a good day of hunting on a private shooting preserve.

"We Started to Live Again" is his fourth score for 1961 in *Leatherneck*. He hopes it, and "You Only Die Twice," published in the October issue, will be chapters in a book he is working on.

Fred is now Assistant Editor of the *Naval Institute Proceedings*. He and his wife, Gay, live quietly in Annapolis.

Why are they living quietly?

Because Fred's long-time friend and running mate 1stSgt Rosoff is off *honchoing* a cruiser in the Mediterranean.

When *Newport News* gets back, watch for another story. YOU may call it fiction, but we here on *Leatherneck* who know both of these characters will lay you eight to five that it's not.

Karl A. Schmon

Managing Editor

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 6]

how much I look forward to *Leatherneck*, especially the "Corps Album" series, as my hobby is the study of military dress.

Ernest F. Rashbrook
124 Maitland Park Road
London, N.W.3, England

• Thank you for your most interesting letter.—Ed.

LOST LEAVE

Dear Sir:

I am interested in getting a little information on a problem that has come up concerning leave.

The problem is this; a man put in for 20 days' leave. He had to take this leave or lose it on June 30. He put in for this leave early enough for him to be able to take it before June 30, and the squadron at this time did not have 10 percent of its personnel on leave, so the leave was approved except by his Commanding Officer's verbal ruling. The leave was cut to 10 days only. There were some members of the Group which had received 30 days' leave.

If this man is restricted from taking his leave, can he collect for the amount of leave that was not granted to him by his Commanding Officer?

This man did not have a very good opportunity to take leave prior to the dates indicated, for he had been assigned to some special assignments that took most of his time.

Name Withheld

• It is the responsibility of Commanders to establish and regulate quotas to provide for the maximum utilization of leave and liberty consistent with workload and the responsibility for maintaining or readiness required to accomplish the mission of their organizations. It, in exercising this responsibility, a Commander is required to disapprove or reduce a period of leave requested, the individual concerned does not acquire a right to lump sum settlement at the end of the fiscal year due to loss of leave in excess of 60 days.—Ed.

IRC ENTRY

Dear Sir:

Recently a Record of Events entry was run on our Unit Diary showing embarking on the *USS Boxer*, and to Sea and Foreign Duty. The question was raised that this entry should be entered on the Occurrences Section of the Individual Record Card (IRC) as it pertained to all personnel of this unit. I contend that it should not be entered on the Occurrences Section of the IRC as it pertains to the status of the unit and not of the individuals.

Paragraph 16054.12 Marine Corps Personnel Manual did not state whether the entry is or is not required.

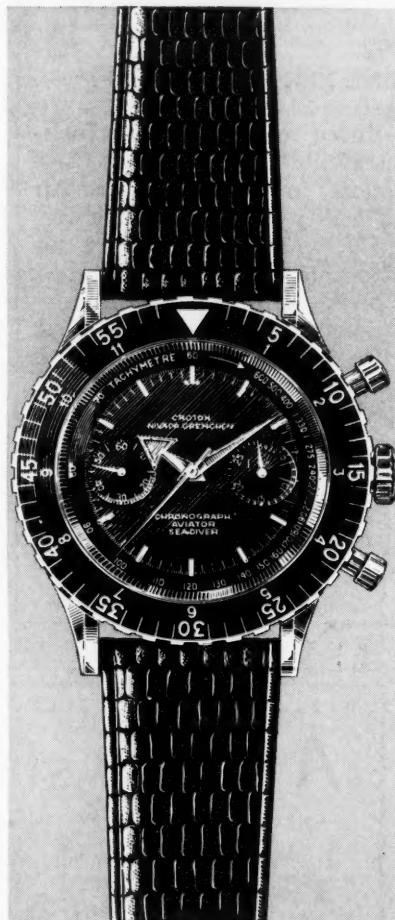
Sgt John D. Loughlin, Jr.
Co. "C", 1st Bn., 8th Mar
8thMarExpUnit

Camp Lejeune, N.C.

• The Occurrences Section of the Individual Record Card is designed to be a clerical aid in the preparation of the Unit Diary (See Paragraph 16030.2 MARCORPERSMAN). Transcription of Record of Events entries into the Occurrences Section of the IRC would

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

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JACKSONVILLE, N. C.

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Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

Former Marine R. Papezynski, 1209 N. O'Brien St., South Bend 28, Ind., to hear from Sgt George A. CADMAN, TSgt Joseph KRATZ, SSgt Ernest AMADOR, Cpl Andrew GIPSON and Sgt Mike MAGES, or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

Former Marine L. C. Matley, Box 271, Malibu, Calif., to hear from Marine friends or acquaintances.

Former Marine Bill Hoisington, 29211 Military Rd., Auburn, Wash., to hear from Vin GRIMLEY, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Mrs. M. L. Cunningham, 334 Fourteenth St., Buffalo 13, N. Y., to hear from SSgt Margaret T. SALHAMER, whose last known address was HQMC, or anyone knowing her whereabouts.

Former Marine John Denehy, 6 Center Street, Bristol, Conn., to hear from Lt. Robert E. NEUMANN, whose last known address was Parris Island, S. C., in 1956.

Former Marine Arthur H. Bourlay, P. O. Box 598, Leesburg, Fla., (George Company, 5th Marines, Korea) to hear from Ronnie MC CORMICK, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Pvt Wayne J. O'Brien, Plt. 137, Co. "C", 1st Recruit Training Bn., San Diego 40, Calif., to hear from Pvt Julius Ivan COMPTON, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Sgt Joseph Levengood, American Embassy, Helsinki, Finland, to hear from SFC Kermit BERRY, whose last known address was with the Army in Germany, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Pvt William C. Horton, Casual Sect, 1st Bn., 2nd ITR, MCB, Camp Pendleton, Calif., to hear from anyone who served with Cpl William Francis CAIN in the First Raider Battalion prior to 10 July 1943.

Harry E. Hensley, 109 S. Main St., Carrollton, Mo., to hear from Leonard J. FRONCEK, who was a D.I. at San Diego in 1952.

Former Marine George M. Crossland, 460 Elm, Norman, Okla., to hear from Cpl Edward Francis CARROLL, whose last known address was Naval Station, Newport, R. I., in 1957.

Mrs. Floyd Fuller, Rt. #1, Oconto, Wis., to hear from Melvin KAMEZ, whose last known address was Camp Pendleton, Calif., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

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**A Brasso shine lasts
LONGER!**



For polishing insignia, buckles, equipment, etc.



Our Mistake . . .



Our caption for the above sketch which appeared on page 26 of our November issue was intended to illustrate the new concept of rapid movement firing on a combat range. Inadvertently, the caption implied that the Marine Corps was going to adopt a somewhat wild west firing position. This, of course, is not true in the actual sense, and *Leatherneck's* caption used the phrase, "firing from the hip," figuratively, in reference to rapid movement firing.

Our second inaccuracy appeared on 43. Here, our caption with the Ontos appeared to have been written by a writer with artillery on his mind. We used the word *barrage*, when actually, the Ontos was firing a *salvo*.

And, while we're on the subject, the article, "The Navy Beefs Up," on pages 58 to 61, which did not carry a by-line, was written by Vern Blasdell, news editor for *All Hands Magazine*.

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Ronnie Rowland, USMCR, 1812 Cherokee, Topeka, Kans., to hear from Marilyn SOUTHARD.

* * *

Patti Larson, 1761 Juniata St., Philadelphia 40, Pa., to hear from SSgt Mike BRADOVICH, whose last known address was Camp Lejeune, N. C.

* * *

Jack F. Kinner, Box 1221, Ashland, Ky., to hear from anyone who served with Hq. Sqdn., First Marine Aircraft Wing, on Guadalcanal, Bougainville, and Green Island during 1943-44.

* * *

Ramon R. Carter, BM3, Operations Boathouse, NAS, Norfolk, Va., to hear from Cpl Paul WADE, whose last known address was Quantico, Va., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Cpl Wayne K. Gray, V-1 Div., USS Boxer (LPH-4), FPO, New York, N. Y., to hear from Sgt Robert A. CARDELL, whose last known address was MCAS, Quantico, Va.

* * *

Former Women Marine Patricia Norton (Jacobs), Box 46, Beals, Maine, to hear from Cpl L. Angelia BUNN, whose last known address was Parris Island, S. C., or anyone knowing her whereabouts.

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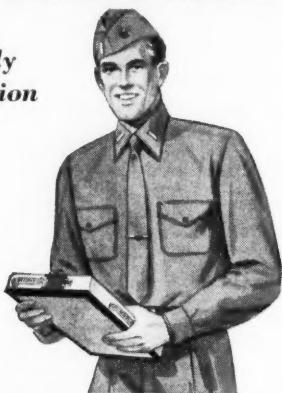


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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

serve no useful purpose and it's therefore not required.—Ed.

PAGE 3, SRB

Dear Sir:

I am writing in regards to Page three of the SRB, involving confinement. For example, a man is confined on May 3, 1961, and is released from confinement at 0900, June 4, 1961. I say that the dates on Page three should be May 3, 1961, confined and June 4, 1961, to duty.

I say that the last day of confinement is a day of duty and that the last day of confinement is the date to put on page three, not the date after release from confinement. Am I correct?

Sgt W. G. Jacobson
MAD, NATTC

Memphis 33, Tenn.

● You are correct as to the page three entries, but incorrect when you state that the last day of confinement is a day of duty.

For lost time purposes, the calendar day of confinement is counted as a day

of absence from duty and the calendar day of release from confinement is counted as a day of duty.

Your error regarding date of confinement apparently stems from the fact that for the purpose of determining time to be spent in confinement, the day of release from confinement counts as a full day of confinement.

For additional information see MAR-CORPERSMAN, Paragraph 15111.2, and NAVPERS 15,825, 800.—Ed.



PLATOON 144

Dear Sir:

I'm looking for a graduation picture of Platoon 144, which graduated from Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S.C., on the morning of October 20, 1959, with many parents present. My son graduated then.

I was wondering if one of the parents who took pictures of the graduation would be kind enough to forward the negatives to me so that I could have some prints made. I'll return the negatives.

Mrs. Fred Cesario
246 Sycamore Street

Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

● Perhaps our readers will help.—Ed.

CA-148

Dear Sir:

It was with great pleasure I read your "Post of the Corps" article about the

Leatherneck

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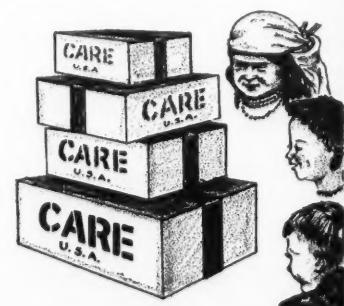
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Marine Detachment, *USS Newport News* (CA-148).

As a former Marine, and a member of the ship's detachment from 1953 to 1955, I noticed with special pride the old type 12-inch bayonets and also the brass bands on the guidon.

Both of these were brought about by Captain G. M. B. Livingston, who was the Commanding Officer in 1954. Also while C.O., when we were inspected by the ship's captain, Capt Livingston would settle for nothing less than an "Outstanding". I might add, he always received it.

I would also like to mention that, in 1954, we were the sharpest detachment in the Atlantic Fleet's Cruiser Division Two.

The Marine Detachment of the *USS Newport News* always had a reputation to be proud of. I am glad to hear that the tradition is still being carried on.

W. T. McGonigle
1848 Trenleigh Rd.

Baltimore 14, Md.

• *Thanks for your comments.—Ed.*

MY OWN

Dear Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for printing my article "I'd like you to know." (*Leatherneck*, July, 1961). I am certainly aware that it was not without faults, and that it took a good deal of courage to put it into print.

In spite of all this, I am still thrilled to see my own words, my own thoughts and my own ideas appear in my own magazine, the *Leatherneck*.

Sgt Francis G. Gleason
Beaufort, S.C.

• *It was our pleasure.—Ed.*

SCARCE ISSUE

Dear Sir:

I would like to obtain at least three copies of the February, 1955, issue, *Leatherneck Magazine*. I had an article in that issue, and would be willing to pay a reasonable price for the copies.

Mr. William Crawford
8112 Wonderland Lane
El Paso, Texas

• *That issue has been completely sold out. There's a chance, however, that some of our readers may have an extra copy or two.—Ed.*

EMBLEM AND BARS

Dear Sir:

In your September issue, a letter in "Sound Off" caught my eye. It touched on the subject of collar emblems and tie bars.

It looks like every young Marine wants collar emblems and tie bars, but talk to Marines who remember when, and they don't want to wear them.

A Marine doesn't need all the extra junk like collar emblems and tie bars to show he's a Marine, for he will stand out in any crowd.

To me, anyone in the Corps who wants collar emblems doesn't like clean straight collars, and those who want tie bars evidently can't tie a tie properly.

Ribbons, stripes and an emblem on the cap are all that is necessary for a good Marine and his uniform.

SSgt John K. Chauvin
Sub Unit #1, 1st Bn
7th Mar

1stMarDiv, FMF

Camp Pendleton, Calif.

• *Maybe our readers will have something to add to this.—Ed.*

MARINE FAMILIES

Dear Sir:

I am writing to your "Sound Off" column in answer to the lady who said

TURN PAGE

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 7

1. (c); 2. (b); 3. (a); 4. (b);
5. (c); 6. (b); 7. (b); 8. (a);
9. (b); 10. (a).



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SOUND OFF (cont.)

she had not heard of four boys in one family who were Marines. My son,

Carl Calderwood, enlisted on his 17th birthday when I was 34 years of age. He served three years and four months and is now on inactive status as a Cpl E-4 in the Reserve.

My son, PFC Richard Calderwood, is a helicopter mechanic at El Toro, Calif., and my son, PFC Robert L. Calderwood, is at Camp Lejeune, N.C., just back from Vieques. My son, Pvt Douglas Calderwood, is at Memphis, Tenn., attending 12 weeks training at the Naval Air Station. All are graduates of Parris Island, S.C. Two were in honor platoons, one a PFC out of "boot," and one top man in his class at Memphis.

Everyone of them is proud to be a Marine, with a mother just as proud to have four Marine sons. I have three more sons waiting to join the Corps, and a daughter who may join, but is too young to be definite as yet.

It was a high point of my life to be able to travel to Parris Island to be present at the Final Review of Douglas on May 18, this Spring, to see some of the places I'd heard about and to see the barracks and mess hall. It was wonderful to watch the beautiful precision of the drilling, and to marvel at the work and effort of the D.I., who can produce a Marine, and a Marine platoon, from a motley group of boys, united by one thing—they want to be Marines.

Just one more point; my first son enlisted when I was 34. I had my fourth son enlist and am now 40. There is probably a woman somewhere who has five sons in the Marine Corps. I'd like to hear from her. May the Marine Corps go on forever.

Cecelia T. Bone
2 Dexter St.

Amesbury, Mass.

* * *

Dear Sir:

I would like to add my bit about "Four of a Kind." I am still in the Marine Corps, and had three of my brothers in the Corps. In addition to this, I had two other brothers who served in the Army. My grandfather also served with the Marines in France, World War I. Incidentally, we all enlisted on our 17th birthday.

Although I am the only one on active duty as of this date, all my brothers are active in the various veterans organizations. Mrs. Lewis ("Sound Off," July, 1961) is to be congratulated on her fine family, but the fact remains that my mother and father had six sons serving their country.

SSgt William H. Soehngen
MCRSS

Las Vegas, Nev.

● *We're proud of our Marine Corps families.—Ed.*

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the old gunny says ---

A FEW OF us down at the Staff NCO Club were reviewing some old lessons learned the hard way in Korea. They should be passed along to the new hands, kept in mind during our training and included in our readiness procedures.

"The front line infantry should plan to employ their organic weapons upon targets within effective range. Don't call on mortars or artillery to fire on targets that can be handled by machine guns and auto rifles. Also, don't expect artillery and other supporting arms to provide all the defensive fires against an enemy attack. The infantry must come out of its holes and apply its own fire power. This is especially true at night when the defensive fire plan of alert aggressive rifle companies can stop an enemy attack and other supporting arms may not be available.

"Battlefield conditions are hard on weapons and equipment. These things quickly become damaged, unserviceable and lost in green units. Veterans soon learn that their weapons and equipment are not only the tools of their trade, but that their very survival and effectiveness depends upon them. That is why in our training we try to stress maintenance and care of equipment. Weapons and ammunition must be kept clean and dry. They should not be left lying around the deck. Too much grease and oil collects mud and dust; weapons should be cleaned daily. Company armorers should visit the platoons daily with oil and patches. Individuals must never leave their arms lying around or adrift and their individual gear should be kept squared away, packed and close at hand for a quick move. You can never relax in battle, and each man should be ready to move and shoot on a moment's notice.

"We have a tendency to carry too much gear and supplies in our peace-time formations. Just as a man under fire will quickly abandon his surplus equipment and weight of his load—so

a unit will rid itself of equipment and supplies not truly needed in combat. This, of course, results in a vast amount of abandoned property strewn on the beaches, roads and paths of a unit route of advance. This happens to 'fat outfits' that have not had a realistic shakedown before battle. The criteria should be, 'What can be carried by individuals and on unit vehicles under fire in a mobile situation?' Anything more than the essentials may, at worst, cause disaster—and, at best, result in needless loss and waste of property. Supply discipline and equipment economy must start at the front and work back to achieve lean and hard results.

"In hasty or deliberate defense situations, junior officers and NCOs must be inspectors and supervisors. Positions are sighted so that the firer, down in his hole, has visibility and a field of fire. Automatic weapons must be carefully sighted in and sectors assigned. Holes are dug as deep as time and terrain permit. Each fire position should be checked and each weapon inspected. Each man should have his basic load of ammo and grenades and know the system for water and chow supply. Watches are established.

"If a position is occupied more than twelve hours, daily inspections are initiated to insure that men on watch are alert, that feeding is going according to plan, that individuals are healthy and that they are keeping clean, shaved and squared way. If these things aren't done there is a tendency to relax standards, and dangerous habits develop which reduce a unit's effectiveness and chances of survival.

"Against an enemy with any artillery capability for massing fires, it is not wise to dig in on forward slopes. Experience indicates that the topographical units and reverse slopes are best for organized defense. Go for the high ground, but not at the expense of command and control communications. Also consider the line of supply. A

high hill is of questionable value if it can't be reached with the necessary supplies.

"Seize ground that offers natural anti-tank obstacles and anti-tank ambush positions. Also remember that historically we have fought for roads, bridges, cross-roads and towns; the avenues by which armies move. Remote hills and high ground are not, in themselves, important.

"Patrols must know the proper procedures for requesting supporting fires by use of radio and pyrotechnics. Upon contact with the enemy the combat patrol battle drill should include rapidly closing with the enemy—and violent fire. Fire superiority usually determines the success of a patrol action. Use all weapons in the patrol until the enemy is routed or destroyed. Conduct a hasty reorganization and planned withdrawal. The withdrawal is often the most difficult phase of a patrol operation.



"Effective combat depends upon being able to move, shoot and communicate. This calls for realistic training which prepares all hands for the hard facts of the battlefield."

END

SUPERSONIC



**When this deadly, steel-feathered
bird locks onto an enemy target, the
bogey is headed for a crash landing**

by GySgt Mel Jones

Photos by

GySgt Charles B. Tyler

INITIALLY, HE strikes you as just another Marine. He looks and acts like a Marine. Then, the HAWK missileman speaks. As your eyebrows begin crawling toward your hairline, you wonder if he ever learned English. He seems to talk in code, like "CW Ac" or "TSQ-39." A few minutes of this, and you begin to fear that he's going to refer to American womanhood as "AmWo 36-26-36."

Next, you notice the intensity of his voice. Damned if he doesn't leave the impression that the missile is *his own child!* He speaks of the bird's infancy back in 1957, explains that HAWK is still an adolescent, but *he'll* father it to adult perfection, if such a state is possible. In fact, he—the missileman—may marry it off someday. The bride'll be an enemy aircraft, and when bride meets groom . . . well, he chuckles, it'll be an explosive wedding reception.

You feel in need of a brew about this time, so you excuse yourself and scratch your head all the way to the bar. Then, sometime between ordering and re-ordering, you begin to understand the man.

The HAWK man, you start to realize, is the product of a new era; the electronic age when targets are blips on a screen and triggers are red buttons. If he speaks in somewhat incomprehensible terms, it's because miles of electronic circuits can never be explained in everyday language. And if he feels a certain proprietorship toward his missile, it's because missiles are military infants—and their growth will be

determined by such technicians as HAWK personnel.

So you become curious about this technological breed.

What is their HAWK missile system? What sort of TO do they have?

What type of training do they get?

And, finally, how do they operate in combat?

After a few days of repetitious questioning on your part—and patient reiteration on theirs—you begin to unravel the answers.

What is the HAWK program?

According to official estimates, it's a system designed to "provide local, medium range air defense of assigned installations, or area, against low and medium altitude targets."

In plain language, HAWK shoots down aircraft . . . scientifically.

To understand how, let's start with the bird itself, then examine some of the equipment it needs for operations.

The HAWK (for Homing-all-the-Way-Killer, some say) is a ground-to-air missile. It's 16.8 feet in length, 14 inches in diameter and 1275 pounds in weight. The bird has a conventional warhead, uses a solid propellant and travels at supersonic speeds. There are three missiles per launching platform, triggered just as you would an M-1: squeeze once and one HAWK fires, three times and you empty the launcher.

The steel bird with the feathered bird's monicker has, in the missileman's language, a "semi-active guidance system." Those four words will take at least four pounds of explanations.

In essence, the HAWK locks onto radar beams reflected off a target. Once locked, the missile will follow the target until one of two things happens: either the target stops dead in mid-air or it's blown to metal toothpicks.

How?

Let's recon a fire section. Like a fire team's relation to a squad, the fire section is the smallest combat unit in a HAWK outfit.

Keep an enlarged picture of this capital letter in your mind, the "I". Now imagine three HAWK launchers placed along the top bar of the I. Drop halfway down the stem of the letter and visualize a radar set. Come all the way down, and place two more radar units at each end of the bottom bar.

You now have the placement of a fire section; three launchers (nine birds in all) and three different radar units.

If you aren't confused yet, try this:

The radar on the right of the I's bottom bar is called Pulse Acquisition Radar (Pulse Ac if you want to outtalk a HAWK man). It means just what it says. It's a set which sends electronic pulses into the air to acquire targets. Once the pulses hit an aircraft, they bounce back to a control center and show up on a screen as a "blip," or scratch mark.

The Pulse Ac can transmit beams in excess of 100 miles (actual range is classified). But it has a limitation. It can toss a beam into the air, but it can't pick up extremely low-flying aircraft.

That's why there's another radar unit

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18)

*The HAWK streaks from
its launcher to
seek out its target.*

*Two deadly HAWK missiles
stand poised and
ready for firing.*





Rolling stock of Bravo Battery, 1st LAAM Battalion, formed a convoy in a HAWK gun park prior to participating in "Operation Sandstorm", held recently at Twentynine Palms, Calif.

HAWK (cont.)

on the lefthand bottom of the I.

This other set is called a Continuous Wave Acquisition Radar, or CW Ac to the trade.

The CW is also self-explanatory. It transmits constant radar beams to acquire targets. Unlike the Pulse Ac, however, it screens along the ground, picking up moving targets, such as tree-top level aircraft. It completely ignores immovable objects, like mountains or a dozing sergeant major.

Let's recap. We have two radar sets placed on line. One scans the sky, picking up medium flying aircraft. The other beams along the ground, tattling on low-flying planes. Between the two, nothing with wings or rotors approaches without being detected.

Now, we're going to have to throw a box into the picture before getting to the radar unit halfway up the I.

The box is a control center, about the size of two Dempsters welded together. It's called a BCC, or Battery Control Center, and it holds five men.

Two of the men are looking at screens carrying blips picked up by the Pulse and CW Acs. Once either of the men has a target, a button is pushed, alerting an operator at the other end of the box.

He activates that radar just behind the launchers.

This transmitter is called a Continuous Wave Illuminator Radar, or just plain Illuminator. It also sends a constant beam to the target, but not for detection purposes. Once the Illuminator picks up its target, it locks on. A continuous wave of beams is hitting the incoming aircraft, and bouncing back.

The missile is fired. It rises a bit, then picks up the reflected beams sent out by the Illuminator. The missile locks on—right onto the radar path

being reflected by the target.

What happens next is enough to cause enemy pilots togulp happy pills. If you were a hostile pilot, and the Illuminator radar locked onto your aircraft, you could dive, roll, barrel loop or tap dance—that Illuminator will follow your every move and literally bathe your plane with radar beams. Then, when HAWK is triggered, it locks onto those beams, changing course as you do and traveling faster than you. Goodbye, buddy.

In summary, a HAWK is triggered



One white hut served as Battalion Operations Central; the others are code huts.

with the aid of three radar units. Two are used to detect you as you come into range. The third locks your plane in a vise of radar beams and nudges the missile into your lap.

Of course, you might be a wise guy. You might come roaring in, tossing chaff (aluminum strips used to jam radar beams). Or you might have some exotic electronics counter-measure device in your craft.

A hefty lot of good it'll do you. These radar units snicker at chaff, because there's also a sound-tracking system, and because the chaff won't travel as fast as the plane and the units track the fastest moving object.

If you have built-in electronics counter-measures, there are still ways of getting you. Naturally, this counter to counter-measure is still highly classified, but take our word for it—if HAWK wants you, HAWK'll get you.

Right about here, some Terrier missiles (avowed snipers of all HAWK principles) are going to leap up with a "now wait a damned minute!" Then they're going to point out that HAWK cannot kill under *some* circumstances. For example, if an attack aircraft starts circling a battery just out of HAWK range, and keeps circling in ever-diminishing loops until it was right over the battery. This dodging principle should work because the HAWK radar system only locks on going-away and coming-in planes.

It should work, but it won't. Long ago, the HAWK people learned that their rose had thorns, and they've been clipping thorns ever since.

The circling technique, for instance, is whipped by placement of the batteries. They can be spotted many miles apart, in a rough triangular arrangement. You (you're still a hostile pilot, incidentally) can begin circling beyond missile range. At that point, all the batteries are having trouble locking you because you're sliding rather than bolting in.

But sooner or later, you're going to have to select one battery as a target, because the other two or three are so spread out you'll never get them all with one bomb, conventional or nuclear.

So you select the battery at the point of triangle, shall we say, and you begin circling in closer and closer. That battery will continue to have trouble locking on you. But, as your circle tightens, you'll have to face the other batteries for a few seconds at one time or another.

They're waiting for you. Those few seconds when your circle causes you to face another battery, will kill you. One of the other HAWK emplacements will lock on you and—well, your life as a hostile pilot is over, so we'll transfer you back to reader status.

The placement of batteries is getting into the realm of TO, so let's look at the organization of a HAWK battalion.

As stated, the smallest combat unit is a fire section. There are two fire sections per battery, and four batteries per battalion (now; later, there will be three batteries per battalion).

Each battery (six launchers, 18 missiles) is completely self-sufficient. It can operate along or in conjunction with battalion. In addition, each of a battery's two fire sections is self-sufficient. It's quite possible to have one section firing miles from the other.

There are two HAWK battalions in the Corps today, the 1st and 2d Light Antiaircraft Missile Battalions. When you abbreviate the designation, it comes out LAMB, but evidently someone decided against a HAWK being dubbed a LAMB, so he settled for LAAM. Consequently, the two battalions are initialized as 1st and 2d LAAMs.

Present plans call for a third battalion to be activated within a year or so. When it is, it'll be located at 29 Palms, where the 1st and 2d LAAMs are now. This vast base plopped in the Mojave Desert provides the firing area needed for HAWK.

As mentioned before, the two existing battalions have four batteries apiece. It's expected they'll be cut to three batteries per battalion when the third outfit is organized.

And when the third battalion is activated, it will adopt a Reserve battery.

There are three HAWK batteries in

TURN PAGE

1stLt W. Neville and MSgt J. Brown oriented the battery's radar sets. ▶

Capt R. Yezzi discussed battery emplacement with Lt E. Hungerford and 1stSgt J. Harbin.



HAWK (cont.)

the Marine Corps Reserve establishment. All are located in California, and all have a unique association with the Regular battalions. Each LAAMs literally adopts a Reserve battery. The Regulars travel to the Reserve training centers, help train the technicians and maintain the complicated HAWK equipment. It's a buddy system which will pay off if the Reservists are activated. They may become another battery within either 1st or 2d LAAMs.

Many of the men in these Reserve batteries went to school with the Regulars who visit them. This is due to another arrangement peculiar to the HAWK organizations.

A few years ago, there were no HAWK men, except for a few who were liaisoning with the Army during the missile's development stages.

Then, the Corps decided to adopt HAWK. This meant that large numbers of technicians and operators had to be trained at once. So the Army offered the Corps a "package" educational course.

Enough men to operate a HAWK battalion were phased into the U. S. Army Air Defense School at Ft. Bliss, Texas. Marines attended five different courses, each requiring a different amount of training time. For example,



Marines tracked bogies on the radar console in the battalion operations central heli-hut.

the HAWK Maintenance Supervisor Course (for officers) lasted 43 weeks. But the Missile and Launcher Maintenance Course (enlisted) took only 32 weeks. So, the EMs began schooling 11 weeks after the officers.

Why?

So that the whole operational battalion could graduate on the same day.

Officers attending the Maintenance Supervisor's course, or the five-week HAWK qualification class, graduated right along with their men, who had enrolled in various radar, missile and



The Continuous Wave Acquisition Radar scanned the ground to pick up low-flying aircraft.



Missilemen assembled the portable Pulse Acquisition radar in the field.

The tracked missile loader was hauled by truck to the launching site (1), where it was off-loaded (2) and put into operation (3).

equipment courses.

After the unified graduation, additional missilemen from 29 Palms reported to Bliss, and the battalion became somewhat operational. The men from 29 Palms were trained by the school graduates and Army instructors in an 11-week field problem.

It worked like this. Most of the battalion graduated from formal schooling, picked up their HAWK equipment and more men who didn't require formal schooling, then moved into the field for practical training.

During the following 11 weeks, the HAWK men operated their own gear—which they took back to 29 Palms later—were tested tactically, then spent three weeks firing missiles.

Finally, the whole battalion, plus equipment, returned to the desert, where administrative and service people had already formed a nucleus for the battalion.

In effect, what had been hundreds of individuals reporting into Ft. Bliss returned to 29 Palms as an operational, let's-go battalion.

Now that 1st and 2d LAAMs are fully staffed, this package deal is no longer used. Individuals now leave for Bliss and are schooled individually, to return to the battalions as replacements for men discharged, or whatever.

There are only a couple of other facts which need be stressed here concerning organization and training. Fact #1: Both LAAMs are part of Force Troops, Pacific. Fact #2: Both outfits are continually testing their concepts in the rock hills of the Mojave Desert. In LAAMs, on-the-spot training isn't an everyday affair, it's almost an everyday and night cycle.

Now, let's make some assumptions. Let's throw a HAWK battalion into combat, and transfer you into an infantry company. Using this bit of literary license, you can understand the potential of these missile outfits.

It is, let's assume, D plus a week or so, although HAWK certainly doesn't have to wait that long to come ashore. It can beach, if needed, right behind the assault forces.

But, we'll go with the week. By this time, the MLR has pushed inland and practically everything's ashore that's coming ashore.

The Tactical Air Control Center is ashore, and has been for some time.

So what, you say? So this is the





Cpl Donald Brown attached the wings in missile field assembly.

◀ Maintenance men leveled and checked the launcher for firing.



Each mis
before i

HAWK (cont.)

outfit which controls the air above you. The TACC has overall air management, both for the assignment of close support missions and interception of unfriendly aircraft.

The TACC has a number of departments beneath it, one of which is the Tactical Air Operations Center (TAOC). This is the unit responsible for keeping hostile aircraft off your back. It assigns intercept aircraft and/or ground anti-air. HAWK is one of the ground anti-air methods.

Let's assume again. Let's assume it's a typical combat day. Up on the MLR, you're trading rifle slugs with an entrenched enemy, while Marine attack planes screech in to wallop the toughest positions.

In back of you, without your even knowing it, HAWK has set up, waiting for that one plane—or squadron of planes—which will try to disrupt your air support flights. Or, perhaps, the enemy won't tangle with your support aircraft. Maybe he'll just try to get some attack planes of his own down to the MLR, to close support *his* troops against you.

At any rate, TAOC is keeping watch on all the aircraft in the area. It knows how many friendly planes there are in

the air, and where they are.

Suddenly, there's an unexplainable blip on TAOC's radar screens. Whoever he is, he's about 100 miles out and closing fast. And, friend, he's heading straight for your section of the MLR.

The TAOC tries to identify the blip. He's not flying in a corridor established for our aircraft. And he doesn't respond to the electronic pulses called "IFF" Identification, Friend or Foe. Ergo, he's a foe. Our blip becomes a bogey.

An air officer in the TAOC rapidly computes the location of his interceptors in relation to the bogey. Can a Marine interceptor knock him down?

No. The bogey has slipped between the intercept patrols and is nearing the break-away line, that intangible point of demarcation where ground antiaircraft takes over.

The controlling officer nudges the man in charge of ground anti-air. The bogey's HAWK meat.

The ground anti-air officer immediately radios the HAWK battalion's Operations Central, which is another box-like hut like the BCC.

The bogey is already being tracked by HAWK's Operations Central. It appears on the battalion commander's radar scope as a black smudge about one-eighth of an inch long . . . and the smudge is heading toward Bravo Battery's emplacement.

By means of a ball which resembles

a tennis ball sitting in a cup, the battalion CO places a symbol over the bogey.

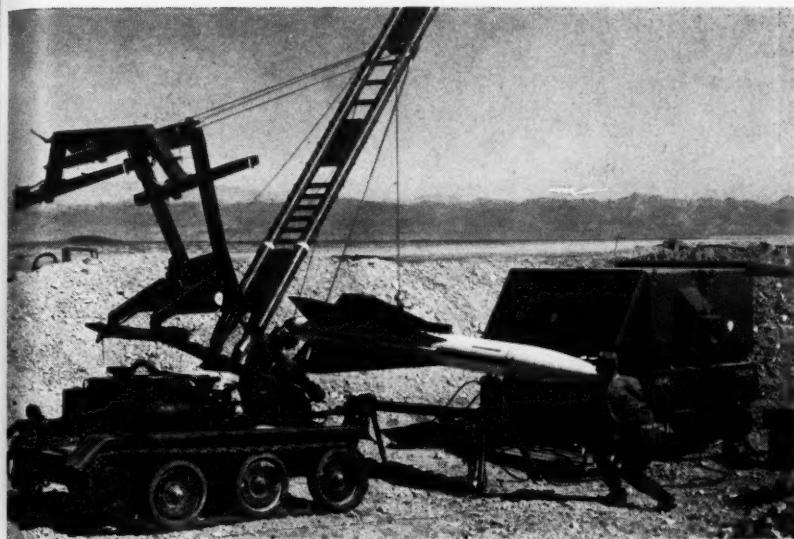
Instantaneously, the same symbol appears on all the battery commanders' radar scopes, even though each battery may be miles away from Operations Central.

The symbol tells all batteries that Bravo will handle the intercept.

Down in Bravo Battery's Command Center, the CO pushes a button, accepting the assignment. When he does, a light flashes on the battalion CO's panel, and he can go about looking for other targets, knowing that Bravo will scratch this one.

The Bravo CO expected to handle this hostile, because his Pulse Ac had also picked up the smudge. The battery CO was plotting the enemy aircraft in the same manner and at the same time as battalion. But, because he isn't operating independently, the Bravo CO waited for battalion's go-ahead.

After accepting the bogey, the battery commander moves a stick located just to the right of his scope. It resembles an old-fashioned auto gear shift, and it moves another symbol over the smudge. When the circular symbol covers the bogey, the CO pushes a button marked "A". This means that Fire Section A will engage the target, leaving Fire Section B open to intercept another if it appears.



Each missile got an electronic and hydraulic check-out before it was loaded on the launcher.

At the other end of the van, Section A's operator sees the assignment symbol appear on his screen. He also has been watching the bogey, and when the battery CO moved the symbol over the target and punched A's button, the symbol appeared instantly over the bogey on A's screen.

The operator thumbs his "accept" button and, using a knob, rotates his Illuminator radar towards the bogey. His screen tells him when the Illuminator has reached the target; white line appears over the smudge.

On a panel just above the operator's crewcut, a series of red lights blinks on. One of them tells him the intensity of the lock-on. Another flashes the plane's speed, and another clicks off its altitude. A fourth red glow says, in effect: "Everything's set, go ahead and fire."

A receiving earmuff, attached to the operator's headset, verifies the lights with sound. When the Illuminator locks on, the operator can actually hear the plane. Communicator's call this the "doppler" system, and you've experienced it whenever you've watched a train go by. Remember how the train's whistle grew in pitch as it approached you, then became lower and lower after the train passed and moved out of sight? A HAWK operator hears the same thing. As the aircraft approaches, the whistle in the headset get louder and louder. If the plane's moving away, the tone recedes.

A missileman hears other things, too. If the aircraft is conventional, he can hear its propellers. Some operators can even tell you how many engines the bogey has! The same principle applies

to 'copters; the headset will pick up the rotor RPMs.

So, by means of his headset, panel and radar scope, our operator knows that the Illuminator is locked on and the bird's ready to fire. His fingers hovers over the "Fire" plunger.

His eyes stay on the green-tinted radar screen. He's watching a white circle revolve on the scope. It looks as

if someone were drawing and redrawing the same circle. But this globe isn't an art lesson. Its perimeter indicates the missile's range.

Section A's operator watches the bogey smudge approach the circle. Above him, the panel keeps repeating that it has a perfect lock-on. The whistle in his headset gets louder and louder.

Finally, the smudge passes through the white line. The operator's finger smashes onto the "Fire" button.

Nothing happens for three seconds. Then, a hundred or more yards away, dust begins to swirl around one of the launchers. A tongue of flame erupts and the bird lifts off the mount, heading out to smear a smudge.

If the operator desires, he can plunge the "Fire" button again. This shoots the "insurance" bird. The bogey pilot has next to no chance of escaping the first missile. The second ensures that he has no chance whatever.

This sequence of events, from TAOC on down to firing, has taken place in less time than it took you to read about it. And it makes no difference whether there's one target, such as we used, or a squadron of bogies . . . the kill time increases only as long as it takes to push a few more buttons.

There's probably one other item which might interest you; the infantryman on the MLR. HAWK not only keeps enemy aircraft off your head.

It can (and will) shoot down other missiles!

END



The mechanical loader picked up a missile and carried it to the launcher.

TWENTY YEARS AGO...

by Philip N. Pierce



If it had not been early
weather report, Cdr Mitsu Fuchi

might not have

his report to the



THE TROPICAL sun broke bright and fair over the lush green island of Oahu.

It was the seventh day of December.

There were more than the usual number of Sunday morning hangovers. Saturday afternoon the University of Hawaii's football team had clobbered visiting Willamette U. 20 to 6 in the Annual Shrine game. The victory had been well celebrated.

Subscribers to the *Honolulu Advertiser* awoke face to face with calamity. The Sunday paper hadn't shown up! After printing 2000 copies, the *Advertiser's* presses had broken down. Most of the papers had gone out on the early trucks for delivery to the ships in Pearl Harbor.

There were plenty of customers. The Harbor Master's log showed 94 ships of the Pacific Fleet present and accounted for.

In the mess compartment of the *West Virginia*, tied up in the center



It was rifles against Zeros when the Japanese came screaming down on MCAS Ewa.

of Battleship Row, Cpl Gerald Grady of the Marine Detachment enjoyed an after breakfast cigarette as he glanced through a copy of the paper. Hollister's drugstores were plugging "The Aloha Box—It's Different" at \$1.95. An article, squeezed in between a four-column ad for "Henry's Used Cars—The Best Deal In Town" and the announcement of Tung Chun Tong's new liquor department at 473 North King Street, brought a chuckle. It urged everybody to send razor blades to British soldiers fighting in North Africa. Steel was in short supply in England, and nothing helped a Tommy's morale like a clean shave. Grady wondered if the guy who wrote the article had ever heard of cold beer and blondes.



The Japanese pilots accomplished their mission at Pearl Harbor. There were no Marine planes to interfere with their well-laid plans to destroy the Pacific Fleet.

TWENTY YEARS AGO (cont.)

A few hundred yards away, at the Naval Air Station on Ford Island, Sgt Norwood Wise lay stretched out on his bunk in the Marine Barracks. Pillow bunched comfortably behind his head, he thumbed idly through the September issue of *Aviation* magazine. An article debunking Japan's air power looked interesting.

From the radio beside his bunk, the mellow voice of Webley Edwards announced a short break in the recorded

music. It was time for KGMB's early morning weather report. Reaching over, Sgt Wise turned up the volume.

A hundred miles to the north, 10,000 feet above the Pacific, Commander Mitsuo Fuchida carefully twisted the tuning knob of his receiver. For 10 minutes he had been searching the broadcast band, hoping to pick up a Honolulu radio station.

The commander was worried. As the leader of the attack, he had been entrusted with one of the most important missions in the long history of the Imperial Empire—and nothing must go wrong.

They had begun taking off at 0600, while it was still dark. The two scout planes had been the first to clear the flight deck of the *Akagi*, followed by Fuchida. Circling above the Task Force, the Commander had waited impatiently for the six carriers to launch their planes—353 of them in all. With the last plane airborne, he had roared over Admiral Nagumo's flagship in a final salute, then led the flight upstairs through the overcast.

It was the overcast that bothered him now. They had broken through the cloud layer at 6000 feet into a bright, clear sky. He recalled the deep feeling of pride as he twisted in the cockpit to look behind him. Stretching as far as he could see, the sky was filled with planes, the bright sun glinting from their mustard-colored fuselages.

But that had been more than an hour ago. For many minutes now he had been vainly looking for a break in the fleecy mass that lay beneath him like a white carpet. He had heard nothing from the reconnaissance planes. They should have reported by this time.

What if the clouds obscured the target? He would have to call off the attack and return to the carriers—the leader of a mission that had failed. It



Twisted steel, floating debris, burning gas and oil and sinking ships marked the devastating attack on Battleship Row.

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was not a pleasant thought.

The strong possibility that he might be off course added to his worries. Since he couldn't see the surface of the ocean, there was no way to check his drift. Forced to navigate solely by dead reckoning, there was every chance that he might miss his destination completely. This, too, was a most unpleasant thought.

Suddenly, his whole attention was riveted to the sound filtering through his earphones. Delicately adjusting the receiver controls, he smiled in relief as Webley Edwards' voice came in loud and clear. ". . . averaging partly cloudy with clouds mostly over the mountains. Cloud base at three thousand five hundred feet. Visibility good. Wind north at ten miles per hour. . . ."

That settled one problem. The target was clear.

Now to check his course.

Winding up KGMB's weather report, Edwards slid smoothly into an introduction of the next recording.

As the melodic strains of "Song Of The Islands" swelled in his headset, Cdr Fuchida flicked the switch of the radio-direction finder. Rotating the antenna, he checked the calibrated dial. A fast computation showed he was five degrees off course. Swinging the plane's nose around to the correct heading, he glanced over his shoulder at the flight. Nodding his head in satisfaction, the commander settled back in his seat.

It was 20 minutes later when he spotted the first break in the clouds—then another. Suddenly, he was clear. There, over his right wing, a long white line of breaking surf outlined the northern coast of Oahu—just like the photographs. Cdr Fuchida needed no map to tell him he was approaching Kahuku Point, the northern tip of the island.

The time for deployment had arrived.

Reaching for his signal pistol, he slid back the canopy. Thrusting the pistol above his head, he sent a "black dragon" arching into the December sky.

At the Marine Corps Air Station, Ewa, eight miles southwest of Pearl Harbor, Captain Leonard Ashwell was the Officer of the Day. He had just finished breakfast when he heard the growing thunder of many planes approaching the field. Stepping outside the messhall, he saw two formations coming in from the northwest—torpedo planes and dive bombers. He'd spent too many hours on aircraft recognition not to recognize them. They were Japanese!

Jumping back into the messhall, Capt Ashwell bellowed, "Air raid . . . Air raid! Pass the word!" Spinning around, he bolted for the flight line.



Before Marine pilots could man their aircraft, the attackers had turned them into wreckage.

For some strange reason, he looked at his watch as he raced across the field. It was 0753.

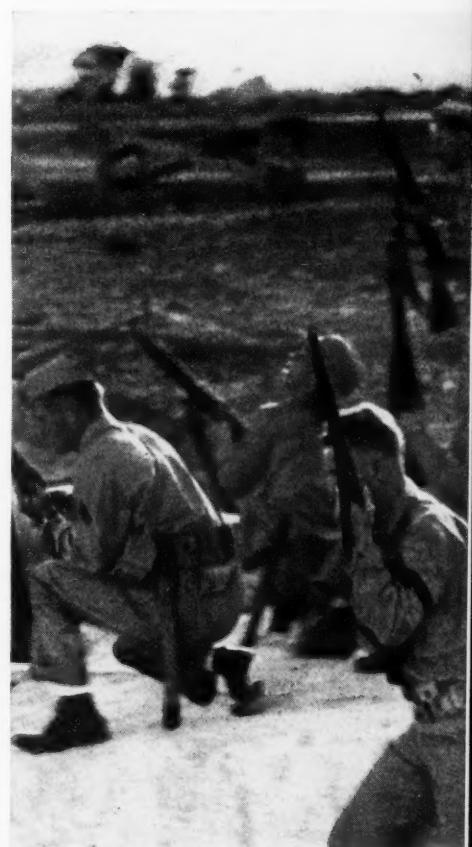
The lead formation of 18 torpedo planes thundered past the field, swinging eastward toward Pearl Harbor. Following close behind, 21 Zero fighters roared over the squat shacks of Ewa Town, a mile north of the field. Suddenly wheeling, they peeled off into a string and came screaming down, wings ablaze with chattering guns. Streaking across the field 20 feet above the ground, they sent burst after burst of machine gun and 20 millimeter fire smashing into MAG-21's planes, parked at the end of the runway. Zooming skyward at the end of their runs, the fighters kicked over to come swooping down again and again in a squirrel-cage attack.

Pouring from their tents and messhall, pilots and mechanics raced through withering hail of fire toward the parked planes. Most of the ships were already shrouded in smoke and flame, wings and fuselages riddled with gaping holes. Punctured gas tanks spewed streams of gasoline into the runway that suddenly erupted into puddles of roaring fire.

The few sentries scattered around the field dove for cover as the planes screamed overhead. Jamming a clip into their Springfields, they opened fire on the diving Zeros. Standing sprawled in the doorway of the sentry booth at the main gate, PFC Mel Thompson blazed away with his .45, cursing his luck at being armed with only a pistol.

Cpl Joe Shaw, the fire truck driver, didn't have time to worry about a weapon. He leaped into the driver's seat, kicked the motor to life and wheeled the bright red truck out on the runway. Hunched over the wheel, he stomped the gas pedal to the floor boards and roared toward the flaming planes at the end of the field.

TURN PAGE



The sentries who were on duty at Ewa dove for cover, then opened fire with their Springfields.

TWENTY YEARS AGO (cont.)

Watchers saw the windshield shatter in front of his face. Splinters of metal flew from the hood as a strafing plane sighted in on the racing truck. Gripping the wheel tighter, Shaw kept the radiator cap pointed at the end of the runway.

Another burst slammed into the rear of the truck, sending ricochetting slugs screaming past his head. On he drove. The next one blasted both rear tires off their rims, throwing the truck into a screeching skid that ended with a jarring stop. Jumping from his seat, Shaw legged it across the runway and dove behind some stacked crates.

A pilot who had watched the whole performance looked at Shaw and ruefully shook his head. "A man ought to draw double flight pay for a ride like that."

Shaw grinned at the officer. "Hell, Lieutenant, I just saw a fire and it's my job to put 'em out!" Looking at the smoking truck in the middle of the runway, he heaved a sigh. "Sure looks like I'm out of a job, don't it?"

At 0830; the Japanese unleashed the second of their three attacks against Ewa. Roaring in at tree-top level from the direction of Pearl Harbor, they



With Ewa's planes no longer a threat, the enemy turned to other targets.

blasted the field with 30-pound bombs and heavy strafing. This time the attackers were *Aichis*, two-seater dive bombers.

With Ewa's planes no longer a threat, they concentrated on the camp site, building and personnel. Thundering down in low runs, the pilot swept the area with their forward guns. Then, as the planes pulled up into a steep wing-

over, the rear seat gunners opened fire to deliver a murderous one-two punch strafing attack.

But the second group of planes didn't escape unscathed. MTSgt Emil S. Peters and Pvt William C. Turner teamed up in a lethal two-man anti-aircraft crew.

Somehow, during the first attack, a badly damaged SBD had been dragged clear of the burning planes at the end of the field. Peters checked the rear seat gun in the plane, and found it still in operating condition. He and Turner rounded up a supply of ammunition, then raced back to the demolished plane. Crawling into what was left of the rear cockpit, Peters manned the gun, while Turner, standing outside, fed belts of ammunition into the weapon.

"Give 'em hell, Sarge!" Turner shouted as the diving *Aichis* roared down upon them. And Sarge gave 'em hell. For 20 minutes he sprayed a stream of slugs at the swooping Japanese planes, knocking two of them down in flames before Turner fell mortally wounded.

Working the field over for another 10 minutes, the enemy dive bombers suddenly joined up and disappeared to the west. During the lull, the Marines reorganized their defenses, turned to on the fires and treated their wounded.

The final raid on Ewa took place half an hour later when 15 *Nakajima* fighters roared in, duplicating the tactics of the Zeros. After a few quick strafing runs, they tired of the sport



Two minutes after the Zeros began working over Ewa, the enemy unleashed his main attack on Pearl Harbor.

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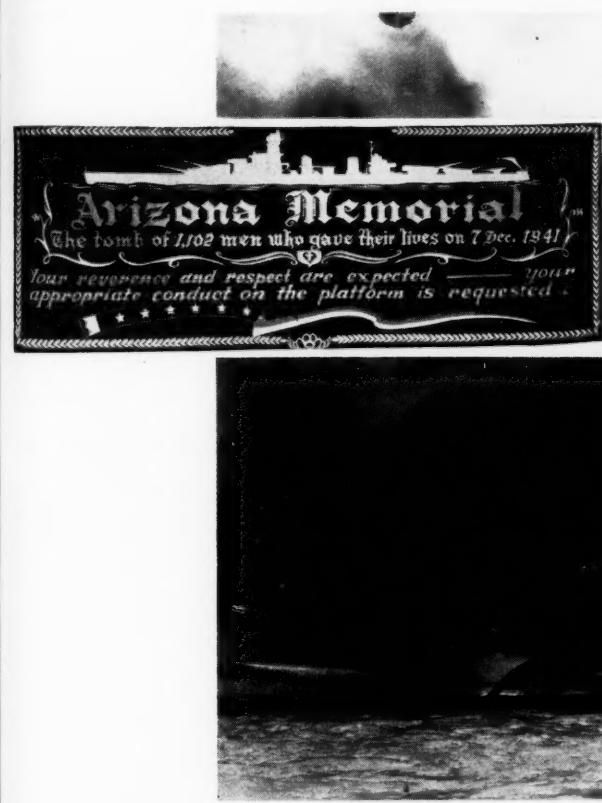
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and wheeled away, looking for more profitable targets.

The final accounting showed: 4 dead; 13 wounded; 35 aircraft completely destroyed; 12 planes badly damaged. Out of 48 aircraft, MAG-21 had one plane in flyable condition. It was in the repair shop at Ford Island. For the Japanese: mission accomplished. There were no Marine planes to interfere with their well-laid plans to destroy the Pacific Fleet.



Two minutes after the Zeros began working over Ewa, the main attack descended in full fury on Pearl Harbor. The primary targets were the eight battleships, tied up singly and in pairs, along Battleship Row, off the east shore of Ford Island.

Hurtling out of the sky, 27 dive bombers screamed down on the peaceful harbor. At the same time, in perfect coordination, 21 torpedo planes thundered in from four different directions, in low fast runs. The crash of falling bombs mingled with the roar of straining engines and the staccato chatter of machine guns in a thunderous first act prelude to the greatest naval war in history.

The *Oklahoma* tied up outboard of the *Maryland*, was one of the first ships hit. The sudden, strident clang of the

general quarters alarm galvanized the crew into action. Throughout the ship the loud, metallic voice of the P.A. system boomed, "Man the anti-aircraft batteries! Man the anti-aircraft batteries! Unengaged personnel take cover!"

While the crew was still scrambling to reach their battle stations, a thunderous explosion rocked the ship as a torpedo plowed into her port side. Oil and water showered down upon the

the man above used him as a step ladder to climb into a launch.

Two of the *Oklahoma*'s motor launches managed to break free and began picking survivors out of the wreckage-littered harbor. PFC Willard Darling found himself in one of the rescue boats. As he reached out to help a swimmer into the launch, he spotted a young ensign struggling feebly in the water. Plunging over the side, Darling struck out for the rapidly weakening



Battleship Row, where eight ships were tied up, was hit by 27 dive bombers and 21 torpedo planes. It was the prelude to the greatest naval war in history.

deck. The *Oklahoma* slowly began to list to port. Before the stunned crew could move, another blast ripped her side and she began to capsize.

Now the loud speakers were blabbing, "All hands, abandon ship . . . abandon ship!" as the men scrambled from below. Some wriggled through port holes to drop into the seething water. Others popped through hatches to race to the rail and dive over the side. Still others climbed around the battleship's side as she rolled beneath them. As they clambered, a third torpedo drove home and the roll quickened.

Sgt Norman Currier of the Marine Detachment walked coolly along the ship's side to the bow. Hailing a passing boat, he stepped in without getting his feet wet. GySgt Leo Wears slid down a line and nearly drowned when

officer. With a desperate surge of speed, he lunged for the ensign, catching him by the shirt as he slid beneath the surface. Darling paddled furiously, keeping the rescued man's head above the water. Finally, a passing boat hove to and willing hands helped the pair aboard.

But Darling's rescue operation was not yet over. Under the hell of strafing planes and falling bombs, the boat's coxswain headed for a cluster of pilings that supported a dredge line jutting out into the harbor. Cutting the engine, he and the crew abandoned the boat and made for shore.

Jumping over the side, Darling yelled for the officer to follow him. But the young ensign was still too weak to swim. After a (continued on page 79)

OPERATION



Two Reservists from Montana waited for the enemy to counterattack.

by GySgt Charles B. Tyler

MORE THAN 2800 Marine Corps Reservists took part in a combined air-ground exercise held at MCB, Twentynine Palms, this Fall.

Code named "Operation Inferno," the maneuver involved members of 14 ground and eight air Reserve units from all parts of the country. In addition, Regular units from Camp Pendleton, MCAS, El Toro and Twentynine Palms augmented the Reserve organizations during their four-day desert exercise.

The bulk of the Reserve forces combined to form Marine Expeditionary Brigade 12, under the command of Colonel Jack A. Hefti, USMCR. Opposing the combined air-ground task force were the 4th Infantry Bn., of New Orleans, and the 12th Rifle Co., of Springfield, Mo. VMF-111, of Dallas, and MACS-23, of Denver, supported the aggressor forces during the operation.



The 6th Anti-tank Company, USMCR, placed its Ontos on the firing line in support of advancing friendly troops during the annual field training at Twentynine Palms, Calif.

TDN INFERNO

Reservists who took part

in a desert training maneuver wound

up battling the rainy weather

Friendly and aggressor helicopters for the
operation were furnished by HMR-361



Artillery support was supplied by Los Angeles' 8th 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion.

"Royal Cajun" aggressors set off an "atomic" blast during the maneuvers.

TURN PAGE



INFERNO (cont.)



Both the friendly and aggressor forces gained experience in conducting helicopter attacks and motorized advances for the first three days of the problem.

Late in the afternoon of the third day of "Operation Inferno," a violent rainstorm quenched the maneuver. Flash floods which buried equipment and washed vehicles hundreds of yards downhill caused the operation to be canceled by the Exercise Director, Colonel Douglas J. Peacher, of Chicago's Ninth Staff Group.

Although a number of Reservists had to be heli-lifted out of the stricken area because the storm had destroyed or buried their food, water and equipment, no fatalities or serious injuries were incurred.

Reserve units which took part in "Operation Inferno" attained their training objectives despite the fact that the exercise was interrupted by the weather.

Observers stated that it was one of the most realistic training maneuvers staged at MCB, Twentynine Palms in several years.

Stewardess Judy Williams bade farewell to Reno Reservists at Palm Springs.



Marine Reservists of Compton's 82d Rifle Co. boarded trucks for an area reconnaissance of the Mojave Desert in preparation for the final phase of their annual field training.



Camp Hefti housed 2800 Marine Reservists while their units were in the field. The tent camp was located about five miles from the main gate, MCB, Twentynine Palms.



Members of the 15th Infantry Battalion, Santa Monica, Calif., relied on an old, familiar mode of transportation to relocate themselves, their equipment and positions in the Mojave Desert.

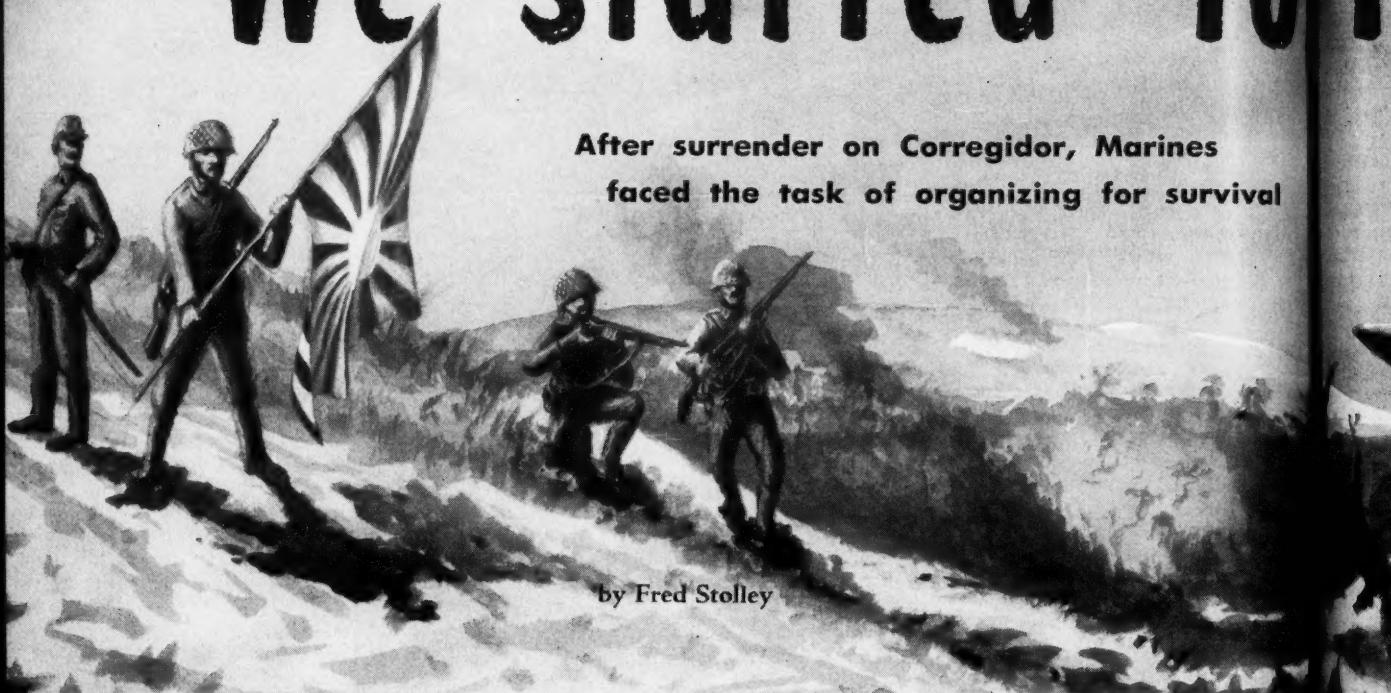


Members of the 11th Engineer Battalion became proficient in 'dozer camouflage.'



Compton's Reservists laid barbed wire entanglements to thwart aggressor infiltration.

we started to



by Fred Stolley

SLOAN AND I shouldered our packs and started up out of the ravine. At the first turn in the road we paused and looked back at what had been our home for five months—it was a scene of utter desolation.

Jagged stumps of trees stood out against the torn land, and timbers lay crazily askew over boulders. A fine patina of gray coral dust lay over all to give it a sand-table look of unreality.

Only one spot remained undefined and was still jungle-green in its surroundings. We had built our head in defilade from Bataan in a sheltered arm of the ravine—it still stood staunch . . . ready to serve.

We looked at it. A week before I had gone to burn it out and John Rice, our assistant paymaster, assisted in the rite. We dumped a quarter of a million in bright blue and red peso notes down it, added a little fuel oil and a match and it burned out clean.

John had invited me to help myself before we deep-sixed the money but I didn't figure pesos would be a medium of exchange where I was going.

Sloan had followed my look around and grinned at me.

"A man could have sat the war out

there and never got a scratch."

We hunched-up again under our packs and got going.

"What in heck are we supposed to do when we meet them?" Sloan mused. "Shake hands . . . like after a tennis match and congratulate them on winning?"

"Beats me," I told him. "The manual ain't been written on this one yet."

We rounded a turn at the rim of the ravine and saw the gray-clad figures before us. One was holding a rising-sun flag mounted atop a long bamboo pole. Another, behind him, was standing at ease, smoking a cigarette. Others crouched on either side of the road with rifles trained on us. We halted awkwardly and for a few seconds there was silence.

Instinctively, we both raised our right hands, palms out, in the gesture the white settler always used to affirm his peaceful intentions toward the Red Man.

Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind.

"Suppose this don't mean the same to them as it does to us?" Suppose this means 'up your bucket' in Japanese . . ."

But I guess they had seen enough

Western movies to understand. The guy smoking the cigarette waved us forward. You could tell he was in command.

Everybody relaxed and grinned when we moved forward.

"Jeezelbub," Sloan said out of the corner of his mouth, "you suppose they were scared of us?"

I didn't think so, I told him back.

When we got up to the group we could see the cigarette-smoker was a captain. We had seen enough Japanese soldiers in Shanghai to recognize the top NCO and officer rank, so we saluted him. He returned the salute courteously and waved an enlisted man forward.

This character was carrying a yellow, ruled tablet like they used back in the third grade at the old Grayland School in Chicago. He thrust the pad toward us and on it was printed in block letters, "How many men down there?"

I was trying to figure out how to tell them in terms of fingers when Sloan spoke.

"Nee yako, go ju."

I grunted in surprise, the troops hissed their amazement. But the captain just laughed and threw down his cigarette.

(Text continued on page 36)

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LIVE AGAIN (cont.)

"You speak *Nippon-Go*?" he said, in English.

Sloan barked back at him and then I remembered that Sloan had picked up a bit of the language when we were in Shanghai just before the war.

I was so snowed, hearing Sloan speak Japanese, I didn't realize the captain was speaking English. It was soon apparent that neither one would win a public speaking prize in the other's language but they managed to understand one another.

"There are about 250 men down there," Sloan told him, "many wounded. It will take them some time to get up."

The captain grunted some orders and a squad detached themselves from the main body and headed down into the ravine. Then he pulled a map out of his haversack and showed it to us. It was the best map I had ever seen of Corregidor.

"His objective is Top-Side Barracks," Sloan said. "He wants us to guide them up there."

"Well," I told him, "I had planned to stop off at the Middleside NCO Club for a few cold brews, but he being a stranger here and all . . ."

All of a sudden I stopped. Here I was running off the mouth just like it was Saturday night in Cicero. Holey shmoley . . . these guys might just want to serve me up as the main course at the victory banquet.

But Sloan was grinning again.

"Come on. We got to lead the way. He thinks the road might be booby-trapped."

On the way up, I got a good look at the troops. These were the guys the Stateside magazines and newspapers had derided for years. They said they were bowlegged illiterates who couldn't see to shoot and had no stamina. As a matter of fact, we had always considered them rather comic-opera type characters ourselves when we saw them in Shanghai.

But here I could see the difference between the occupation-type troops who did their four-on, eight-off on the Garden Ridge and these case-hardened combat troops who had gone through Singapore like shrapnel through a tin horn.

They moved right. They were crisp. Their uniforms were beat up but their rank insignia and weapons were clean. All of a sudden, I knew this was going to be a long war.

Considering the fact that the island was supposed to be surrendered, there was a hell of a lot of shooting going on. Incoming from Bataan batteries was swooshing in over our heads and ex-

ploding topside, and dive-bombers were active all over the place. I stopped and talked it over with Sloan.

"Let 'em walk into it," he said. "Let 'em all get killed by their own party."

"Wait a cotton-pickin' minute," I told him. "Whose side are you on? Let's not forget who's grand marshal in this parade."

The captain came up and wanted to know why we had stopped. He pointed to one of his wrist watches and indicated he had a time schedule to meet.

In pantomime that would have won me first prize in any game of charades, I told him why I was getting nervous in his service. He slapped his knee and laughed. Then he pulled me over to the side of the road and pointed at Bataan. The observation balloon was up. He barked a command at the trooper with the flag on the long bamboo pole and the trooper waved the flag back and forth. A heliograph blinked thrice on the balloon and I could see everything was under control.

"Excelsior," I quoted. But no one seemed interested nor did they pause to admire my educated tomfoolery. As a matter of fact, the captain's orderly kicked me. We went on up.

"What the hell kind of a deal is this?" I asked myself. "We are surrendered. We are P.O.W.s. We should be in a compound telling some stern interrogator we will only give them our name, rank and serial number. What in the kite-flying-sky were we doing leading the enemy's advance party?"

Then it hit me. I didn't know my serial number. In those days, before the war, you were required to know your rifle number but no one gave a tinker's dam about your serial number. I remembered one time going in to see Bozo Duncan, our First Sergeant. "What's my serial number?" I asked him.

"What you want to know for?" he growled.

"No reason, just thought I'd like to know what it was," I said.

"If'n I think you should know what your serial number is I'll tell you," he snapped. "Now, get out of here."

I picked up my pace and moved up alongside Sloan.

"I'm in bad shape," I said.

He was concerned.

"Heat getting to you?"

"No . . . not that . . . it's just that I don't know my serial number."

"Oh for cripes sakes . . . get with it, will you?"

I could see he didn't understand the problem, but before I could argue it out, we broke out into the Topside parade ground. After five months of continual bombing and artillery fire, Topside didn't look like much. A week before, the Japanese had made a direct

hit on a 12-inch mortar battery magazine in Cheney Ravine and one of the mortars was blown all the way up to the middle of the parade ground. Other than that, the place was looking pretty drab.

The group was bunched up with the Japanese all examining the wreck of the huge mortar. Then I heard the spitting sound of a plane homing in. Before I could locate it I heard the shoo-shoo of his bombs and knew they were going to hit close. I dove into the dust.

"There's always that 10 percent . . ." I muttered as I waited for the blast.

But the bomber was about 10 feet off. This sounds like pretty good shooting except on Corregidor. If you miss Topside by 10 feet the bombs land on Middleside which is a good 500 feet below.

I lay there for a minute and looked around. Everyone else had hit the deck except Sloan. He had been standing there smoking a cigarette when the plane came in and he never moved. After the bombs hit, he continued to smoke and he looked at them all carefully as they got up and sheepishly brushed the dust off.

The captain was mad. He kicked his orderly and he kicked the flag bearer. Then he gave Sloan a long cool look and walked off toward what was left of the barracks. We followed.

There was a semblance of a roof left over the veranda at one corner of the barracks. The captain pointed, spoke a few words, and the entire company turned to cleaning up the place. First, a chair was hauled out of the rubble and set in the shade of the porch. The captain took it and relaxed.

At this point, his orderly became a little Napoleon and indicated he wanted us to take part in the police detail.

"You are dog's blood," Sloan told him in Chinese.

This was an error in judgment on Sloan's part, I thought, because Little Napoleon evidently understood him. Many of the Japanese, having served in China, had good reason to become familiar with a Chinese curse.

Little Nap drew his bayonet and made a *banzai* rush at Sloan.

"This is it," I told myself.

But before I could get into the act Little Nap was sent sprawling in the dust. The captain stood over him, picked him up once, knocked him down again, then stood him at attention and whacked him smartly across the face a half dozen times as he punctuated each point of the reprimand.

A few moments later we were sitting in rattan chairs in the shade alongside of the captain and as near as I could come to it, Sloan and the captain were

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talking about how it was in the "Old Corps."

"What service?" the captain asked. "Dykesentai," Sloan told him.

We had both shed our flat tin hats and were wearing our field hats with emblem. The captain admired the emblems and then tied us in with Shanghai.

"Garden Bridge . . ." he chortled. "Broadway Mansions . . . Majestic Cafe . . . Little Club . . ."

We were in rapport. We three had enjoyed Shanghai duty.

About this time Little Nap tried to make some of his numbers back. He came rushing up with a gallon jug . . . it was cider vinegar. He pointed to the apples on the label and gave the captain a cup. I was about to open my big fat mouth when Sloan stopped me.

"Let him go . . . vinegar won't kill him."

Little Nap poured out a big fat dollop into the captain's cup and stood back grinning, waiting for the captain's approval. It came fast. The captain took a big slug, his eyes popped out and then he spat it all, right in little Nap's face.

"Kuda," he shouted, "damme da na!"

Later I learned that this was the English equivalent of "Knucklehead, what the \$%#&*(@% are you doing?" But it loses something in the translation.

The next thing I knew, the captain had a forage party lined up and I was in charge. I didn't really understand everything he was saying to me but I got the general idea. He wanted to throw a company party that night and we'd better come back with the works. Sloan, I found out, was to be the guest of honor because he showed up the whole company that afternoon during the bombing.

Well, what could you do? I was an

NCO, the captain put me in charge of a detail, so what could I do but take charge? But I'll tell you one thing, if some bookie had offered me one million to one the day before that I would be in charge of a Japanese working party, I wouldn't have taken a peso's worth even if he had given me credit.

So off we went. Of course, there were food dumps all over the Rock and I knew we wouldn't have any trouble getting chow. Whiskey was not available but I knew that the NCO club at Middleside must have had plenty of beer stashed away. We headed toward Middleside.

We got back some two hours later with the Japanese hauling me in a machine gun cart. Little Nap was second-in-charge of the detail and, being leery of making another mistake, he made me taste everything before he would OK it for the larder. I was making it all right through the Kosher pickles, early June peas, meat and beans routine but then we ran into the beer cache. Little Nap made me drink one can out of each case they took back.

You never saw such a party in all your life. By the time we got back they had cleared out the old mess hall and set up tables. They had cooked up a slew of rice which was dished up in discarded helmets and five gallon tins. The rest of the stuff, most of it in #10 cans, was hacked open with bayonets and set on the table. There was plenty of beer but the most popular items was the big mess hall-type cans of beef gravy.

It was kind of like a mess night. The captain called on each unit to render a song in turn and in between they sang national and regimental songs in unison. I had a little trouble with Sloan, who was from Atlanta, when they sang one of their national songs. The music,

bar-for-bar is the same as "Marching through Georgia."

Finally, came the moment of truth. The captain insisted that we render our bit.

"What'll we do?" I asked Sloan.

"Sing the Hymn," he said.

"I only know the words of the first verse!"

"We'll sing it three times."

We did and we brought down the house. They demanded an encore.

"What now, wise guy?"

He had an answer to that one too. We sang "Down By the Old Mill Stream" and three choruses of "Sweet Adeline" before they let up. After assaying Sloan's barbed-wire baritone and my monotone I knew they were just being polite.

The next day we did nothing but sit with the captain. We had food, cigarettes and beer. We hadn't had it so good for six months. But we were uneasy. We saw no other Americans. We were worried about the fate of the company and the battalion. We queried the captain.

"Where they are is a very bad place. You are better off to stay with us," the captain told us.

Sloan and I had a talk that night.

"I think this guy wants to keep us with him as trophies," Sloan said.

"I think so, too. And if we stay with him we might wind up carrying rice sacks for his outfit in every campaign from now on."

"We gotta get back to the outfit," Sloan said.

The next morning we explained our position to the captain.

He was sympathetic.

"But," he said, "all *Horios* are in a compound of the 92d Garage area. There is little water, little food and much sickness. Why not rest with me until the confusion is straightened out?"

Sloan pushed the point and the captain finally agreed to let us go. First he called Little Nap and had him fill two canteens of water for each of us. Then he filled our packs with cigarettes and food.

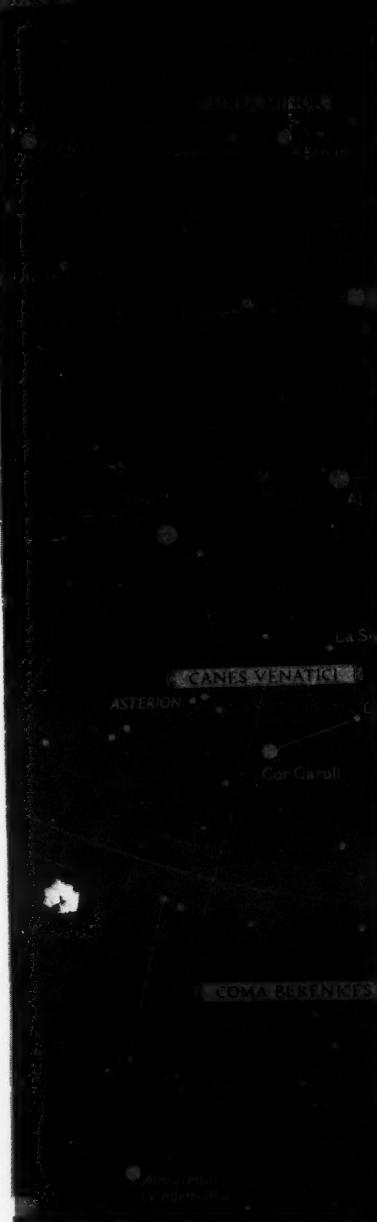
"Goodbye," he said. "I cannot give you an escort. You have a long way to go and you will have trouble."

He was right, of course. I don't know what made us think we could walk from Topside all the way to the 92d Garage, through the entire Japanese Army without having trouble. But, I guess, half the battle is in not knowing that the job is impossible.

First we ran into a couple of privates who pushed us around a little, relieved us of our wrist watches, and then sent us on our way. The next episode was a little more hairy.

We got (continued on page 77)

NAVIGATION SCHOOL



In order to get their fixes, students must recognize 57 stars and six planets.



**The school's graduates have
set a perfect record; they've
never lost a Marine aircraft**

by SSgt Thurlow D. Ellis

Photos by

SSgt Russell W. Savatt, Jr.

ONLY THE DRONE of the plane's engines, working in unison, created an audible distraction to the Marines in the cabin, bent over plotting charts, logs, compasses, reference books and an assortment of drafting instruments.

Frequently, a man would leave his desk, step up on an aluminum stool and peer through an astrodome into the inky blackness surrounding the plane. Then he would step down, remove a sextant and battery case from their container, and once more mount the stool and glance at the stars overhead.

Hanging his sextant in the astrodome, he'd sight in on one of the stars, take its reading, then sight in on two more and record their positions. This done, he would return to his desk, and with dividers, compass, straight edge and pencil, make a series of lines on a chart. In the center of these lines, which formed a small triangle, he would place a single dot. This lone graphite pinpoint marked the location of the aircraft.

Now, with the dot on the chart, he could take a pair of dividers and measure the distance from it to another dot, thus determining how far the plane had flown. A reading from the pilot



GySgt R. Gentry, one of the Corps' polar navigators, teaches the art of using DR computers.

would tell him how much gas was being consumed. When he had completed all his entries on the Range Control Chart and log, he could relax for a moment before repeating the entire process.

After he had located the plane's position on the map a number of times, one of the instructors asked him what time they would pass over a certain location. The Marine calculated the Estimated Time of Arrival, jotted it on a piece of paper, and put it on his desk. After more than an hour, the instructor announced that the plane had just passed over the location, and the man quickly added this information to his ETA. The instructor picked up the paper, studied it, and said, "You missed

the Actual Time of Arrival by seven minutes. You'll have to do a damn sight better than that if you want to continue in this course. In fact, you'll have to improve yourself to the point where you can give an ETA which will not be more than two or three minutes off."

The man quickly corrected his chart and returned to shooting the stars, making entries and locating positions all over again. He was a student from the Marine Corps' Aerial Navigation School, Cherry Point, N. C. The flight was a school training hop, headed for Albrook Air Force Base, Panama Canal Zone, and its purpose was to familiarize the students with the job that would be

After learning to fly by the stars, students tackle radar navigation.

Capt. A. Gandy and MSgt E. Pittis plot flights at the school.



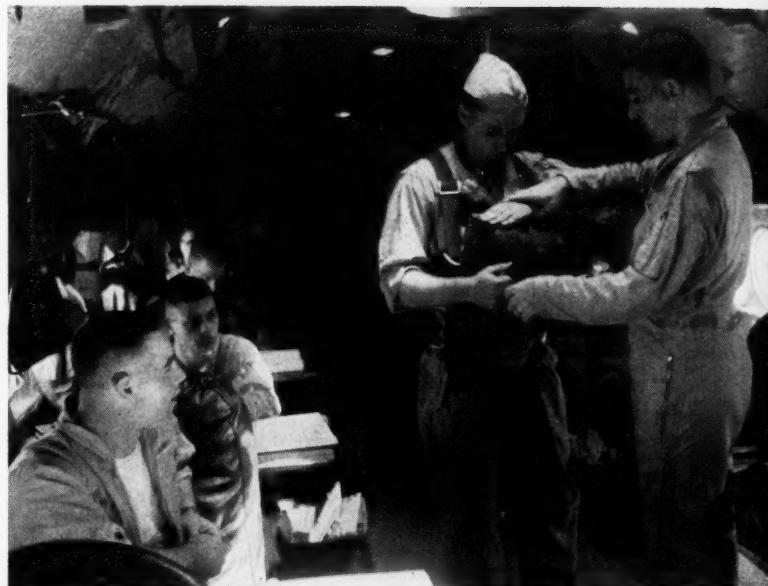
NAVIGATION (cont.)

expected of them once they receive their wings as full-fledged aerial navigators.

This training is not new to the Marine Corps. It first entered the picture in 1942, when five Marine officers were assigned to the Weems School of Navigation, Annapolis, Md., named for Captain P. V. H. Weems, USN (Retd), a recognized authority on navigation.

The school was originally established at Camp Kearney, Mesa, Calif., by the five officer graduates, but it was moved to Cherry Point a year later and graduated its first class in January, 1945. On March 9, 1948, the school was disbanded, but a need for it became apparent during the Korean War, and it was reactivated on March 28, 1952.

Entrance requirements are stiff. A



SSgt E. Young demonstrated the ditching procedures each student must know.



Plotting a course over water requires accurate calculations.

Sgt D. Aiken checked a chronometer to ensure a maximum mechanical efficiency.



man must possess a GCT of 120, pass a flight physical, be a high school graduate or equivalent, have 24 months active duty remaining, be an E-1 through E-4, and pass the Flanagan Aptitude Test. This test is a mechanical and mental examination developed by Professor John C. Flanagan, Professor of Psychology, University of Pittsburgh. Parts of the test include questions on memory, coordination, judgment, precision, comprehension, mechanics, patterns, arithmetic and expression.

Students are mainly channelled to Nav School from Aviation Fundamentals Preparatory School, Memphis, Tenn., and other Training Commands.

Currently designed to include 19

weeks of schooling, the course covers 95 training days, of which 909 hours are scheduled classes. This figure is used only as a guide; night instruction and week-end flights cause this figure to grow considerably.

During an average day, students are in class from 0800 until 1130. They commence again at 1300 and continue until 1630, when they knock off for 90 minutes. They begin their final class at 1800 and quit at 2130. As one student said, "We're probably the only people on earth who complete 12 hours' work in a 10 and one-half hour day."

Instructors voice it another way: "These kids put in 10 and one-half hours of straight study in the classrooms, then when they get to their barracks, they break open the texts and study for the following day. They participate in all barracks field days, a field day at the school, a field day on the plane when it flies, and they have to police their own areas. In addition, many of them do their own laundry if time permits."

Classes made up of about eight students convene every 12 weeks. New men are introduced to the school by lectures and briefings from Captain Austin O. Gandy, School Director,

MSgt Edwin J. Pittis, Jr., Schools Chief, and MSgt James A. Murphy, NCOIC, Navigation.

According to Capt Gandy, "The purpose of the school is to qualify students as aerial navigators who will have the knowledge and skill to navigate an aircraft, utilizing all available navigation aids."

Once new students, instructors and officials are settled, the class commences its rigorous studies with Dead Reckoning. This grueling phase of instruction entails six weeks, or 210 hours of study.

Once this information has been presented in nineteen 70-minute classes, six classes per day, the students are given a three-part test which consists of a written exam, a test on the DR computer and a test in plotting and measuring.

Second phase, precision dead reckoning, teaches a basic introduction to ground plot and current log. The second phase exam has only two parts and requires a test on the computer and a simulated flight.

Phase three, entails long range flight planning and range control. Once the DR exam has been taken, and passed, the students are given the final test

which covers all the material they have studied to date. In order for a student to remain in school, he must make a minimum grade of 75 on all of his class and final exams.

Celestial Navigation, six weeks in length, includes 210 hours of instruction which teaches celestial-terrestrial relationships, measurement and sight reduction, Mark V sextant, air almanac, computations with sight reduction tables and star identification.

Students are required to learn 57 stars of the first, second and third magnitude, plus being able to shoot the sun, moon, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn.

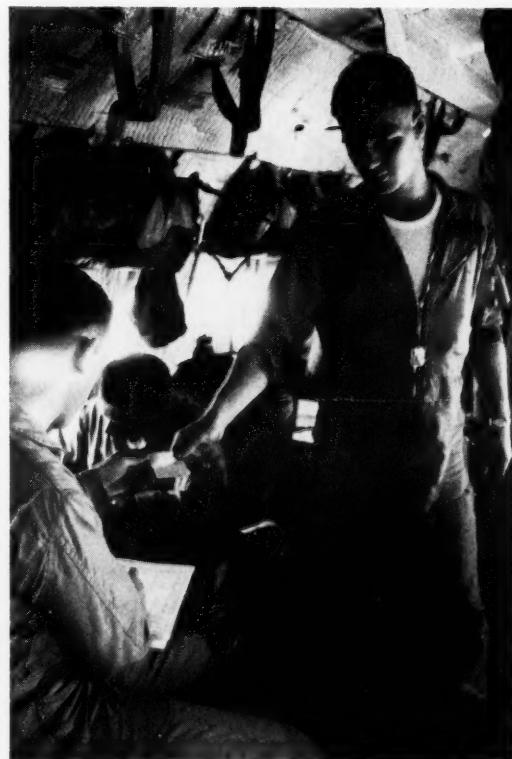
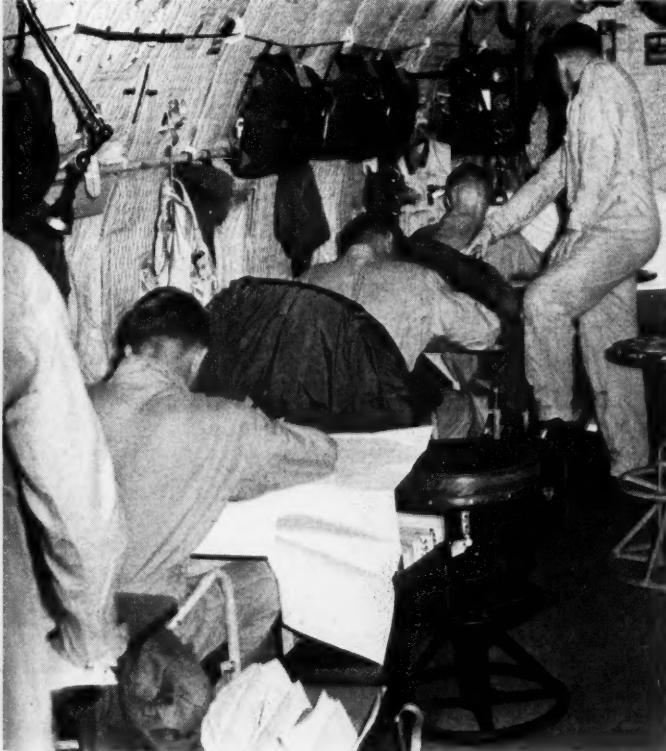
Other classes include celestial flight, latitude by meridian altitude, deviation check, land-fall, perisopic sextant, pre-computation, angle of depression and three-star fix. When this material has been presented, and learned, another exam is given.

Loran covers seven days (49 hours) and familiarizes the men in the use of electronics in navigation. Meteorology, pressure pattern flying and radio/radar require 28 hours of study each.

If the student has thus far attained passing grades, he is graduated into Flight Phase (six weeks) and is taught

TURN PAGE

Turning in ETA's and ATA's while airborne are tests of skill.



Students must continue to work throughout the entire flight.

NAVIGATION (cont.)

flight planning and debriefing, flight information publications, forms, Civil Air Regulations, oxygen equipment and low pressure altitude training qualifications, survival and emergency procedures. While in Flight Phase, students spend 165 hours of in-flight training.

As soon as the students have completed their DR phase, they are given their first flight. This hop, approximately five hours, is designed to familiarize the men with the plane, teach them ditching and survival procedures, and to get them accustomed to being aloft.

The second flight is usually a 10-hour round robin during which the plane flies over its destination, then returns. On this flight, generally south, weather permitting, the flight is over land and water, during daylight hours, to enable students to learn how to use the drift meters and sun line fixes.

Having progressed this far, the first true test of skill comes when the students embark upon their third flight, which takes them to Panama. The 24-hour trip is set up so that there will be six hours of daylight flying and the rest, night flying. The men are required to use all their newly acquired knowledge to properly chart the course down and back.

On the days students make their flights, they attend an early briefing and receive all pertinent information about the weather, route, flight conditions, requirements, necessary items, liberty, local customs and local political feelings.

After the briefing, they make out flight plans and charts, and take inventory of necessary equipment. They receive data regarding all required reporting points for the plane while flying controlled airways.

Two hours prior to take-off time the students leave the school for the plane, commonly referred to as the *flying classroom*. It is an R5D-type transport which has been especially outfitted with pulsating radar, loran gear, drift sights, desks and seats, altimeters, compasses, air speed indicators and other navigational aids. The only outward difference in the *flying classroom* from any other R5D is the fact that there are three astrodomes on top of the plane.

Before they leave, the students pick up their flight rations and coffee, stop off at aerology for a final weather briefing, and stow their gear aboard the ship.

Once aboard, they begin making charts, Range Controls, logs and plans. They check all equipment, clean the astrodomes and drift meters, and select



Navigators are rewarded for their diligence when they make flights to foreign countries.



Immediately after landing, navigators fill out flight forms and debrief aerology on existing weather conditions.

necessary Celestial Solution texts for the flight.

When everyone is aboard (students, instructors, pilot and co-pilot and mechanics) the students arrange their gear so they may work rapidly, yet efficiently and accurately. The moment the plane takes off, the students enter the time of departure on their logs—and their tasks have begun.

Immediately after leveling off, the future navigators head for the astrodomes so they can get fixes to plot their course. When the plane lands, they enter the last remark on their logs (arrival time), then start policing up the plane.

Next major operation is a trip to aerology where they debrief the weather experts on existing conditions encountered on the flight.

After an early morning landing, the men go to the transient barracks, where they hit the sack for a few hours of deserved rest. Upon arising, the liberty hounds head toward town. Even in new locations, these men have an uncanny knack for being able to "navigate" without getting lost. At least, the school hasn't lost a navigator on liberty yet.

At take-off time, later in the afternoon, everyone reports to the plane and commences the routine of prepara-

tion for school, critique shows an immediate hard enough to get him goes.

SSgt slim, so the school have to order a course. is for a he's left driving graduated "We dents," put a man hours of thing his top grad being so

Capt really the world said, "i a navig little do that the branch enlisted see why being o much t out with these m

"Mar are lea civilian

tion for the return flight. Back at the school, students and instructors hold a critique on the flight, then the instructors meet with Capt Gandy, MSgt Pittis and MSgt Murphy, and hold a critique on the students. If a man shows a lack of skill, or initiative, he is immediately evaluated. If he is trying hard enough to get through the course, but is just a little slow, the instructors will gladly take him in tow and try to get him back into the flock. If not, he goes.

SSgt Richard A. Hutchins, a tall, slim, soft-spoken instructor, described the school as, "Hell for these kids. We have to stay on them constantly in order for them to keep up with the course. You can't imagine how easy it is for a man to slip along the way if he's left entirely on his own, so we have to keep driving, driving and then driving some more, until the man is graduated and in an active squadron.

"We don't have any really bad students," he continued, "but when you put a man in school, then cram 10 to 12 hours of study down his throat, something has to happen—either he'll lose his willingness to learn, or he'll make top grades and thank you later for being so hard-nosed."

Capt Gandy sums up the school as a really hard course. "The only thing in the world that keeps a man going," he said, "is his own personal desire to be a navigator. I know that this sounds a little dramatic, but when you realize that the Marine Corps is the only branch of military service which has enlisted navigators, then you can easily see why there is so much prestige in being one. I, myself, would like very much to see the Marine Corps come out with a commissioning program for these men so that it would be an incentive for them to stay with the Corps.

"Many of our young men of today are leaving to accept positions with civilian air lines," he continued. "You'd

be surprised at how many civilian navigators have been Marine Corps trained, but without a doubt, they're the best in the business."

All navigators have a sincere desire to fly, and when the training flights roll around, the men are eager to be aboard. The first five hops for the men are instructional flights, and they are given the opportunity to ask questions about procedures or methods. The next three, are check flights and the men are required to navigate the plane by applying their own knowledge. They are also given the opportunity to actually navigate the plane while in flight by relieving each other in the navigator's compartment up forward. When they're not navigating, they're tracking the plane.

On these flights the reporting points are a test in themselves. Each student must make up a chit, giving the ETA and ATA for each reporting point. They are allowed five minutes leeway or five miles' difference on the ETA and ATA as a navigational margin or error. Not one bit more.

This accuracy is highly important, especially when penetrating Air Defense Identification Zones (ADIZ). Here a plane is allowed a tolerance of only three minutes and 10 miles. If a plane should report that it will penetrate ADIZ at a certain time, and it is not within the limits, it will be intercepted by jets which are controlled by ADIZ radar.

When a plane is not flying on a controlled airway, the tolerance increases to five minutes and 20 miles, plus a buffer zone of another 20 miles.

Three instructors (minimum per flight) work each hop with the class. Two are always in a supervisory status while the third keeps a careful track on the plane. Each student is required to make a fix at least once each hour, and they must keep a range control chart for gas consumed, gas aboard, gas used per hour, and existing condition of gas for the remainder of the flight. They must also keep an up-to-the-minute log, and chart, for recording data and weather observations.

During flights, emergency drills are held. When this happens the students are required to give their position of the aircraft, a heading and ETA to the nearest airfield, put on emergency equipment—May West life preserver and parachute harness and parachute—and stow their gear and prepare to either ditch or bail out in the minimum amount of time. All this should be accomplished in two minutes or less.

When taking final exams, the men are shut up in a classroom under the watchful eye of a supervisor, and once the test commences, the men don't leave, except for emergencies, until the test is completed. One test took 10 hours, so the men were served box lunches at their desks.

Sgt Thomas M. Murray, Supply NCO, main- (continued on page 70)



SSgt Young checks students' logs and charts to ensure accuracy.

While airborne, students often find it necessary to eat while working.





OVERHAUL

TESTING OF jet engines after they've been overhauled is but one phase of the overall operations of the Overhaul and Repair Department, Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, N. C., whose mission is to support the integrated Aeronautic Program of the Navy by:

- The overhaul, overhaul conversion, progressive maintenance moderni-

zation, conversion, modernization-conversion, progressive aircraft rework, modification and repair of aircraft, guided missiles, target drones, engines, accessories and components, including disassembly, cleaning, examination, repair, test, inspection, assembly, preservation and packaging.

- The manufacture of aircraft parts and assemblies required in support of

the foregoing program.

- The maintenance of equipment and, to the extent feasible, the manufacture of the tools and equipment used in the performance of such work, and,

- The exercise of engineering cognizance of designated models of aircraft assigned by the Bureau of Naval Weapons.

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Col J. H. Clark is thoroughly familiar with modern industrial procedures.



Cherry Point's O&R Department can assemble an entire aircraft from the parts it has in stock

by SSgt Thurlow D. Ellis

Photos by

SSgt Russell W. Savatt, Jr.

LAND REPAIR

Once the mission has been studied, it looks simple enough. All the O&R has to do is tear down a plane, then rebuild it. Sometimes they may even have to add an extra part. If they don't have the part, they're prepared to make it.

One could compare the O&R Department to a huge garage. Aircraft in need of repair are received on a scheduled

basis from the Bureau of Weapons, by Bureau number.

Generally a plane is ferried to the O&R by the parent squadron, and when it arrives, the inspectors rev up its engine, operate its various systems and then make out a detailed report on all items which need to be repaired or replaced. If necessary, augmentation is added to the original list of discrepan-

cies. These faults are then referred to the planning group for consideration and action.

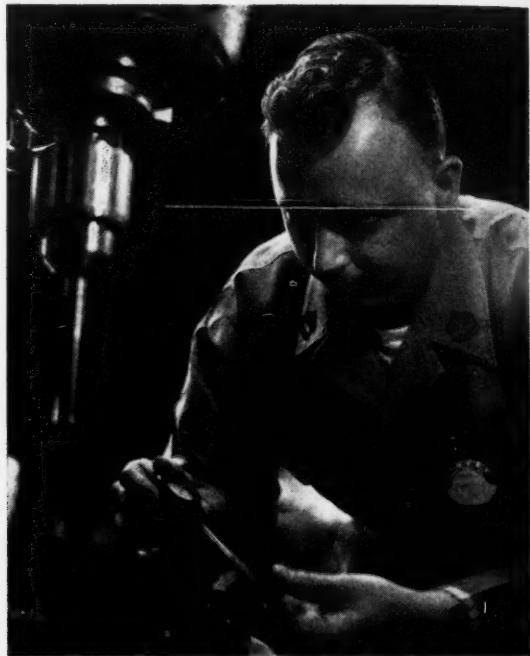
Stripping a plane of its paint, when and where necessary, and cleaning of all its parts is a "must" before disassembly can be started, and before further evaluation can be made. In addition, O&R personnel (qualified pilots) test hop all aircraft belonging

(Text continued on page 48) 45

OVERHAUL (cont.)

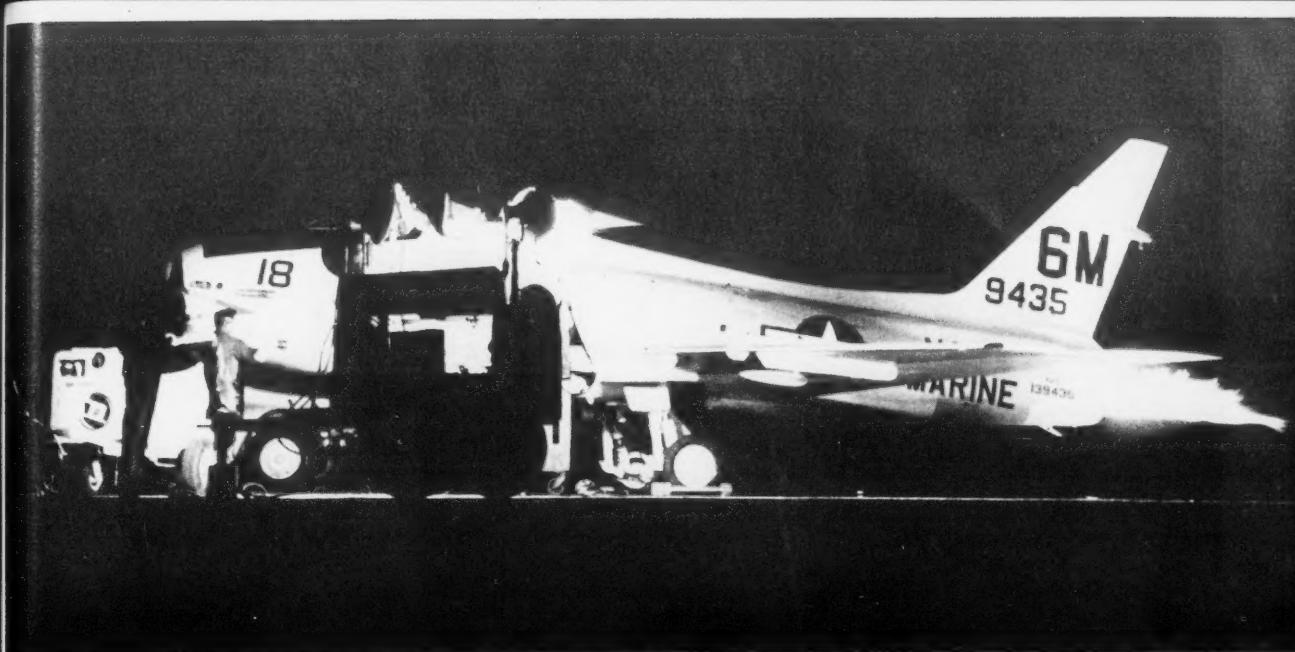
GySgt H. E. Askew, aviation machinist, checked various bushing tolerances.

Sgt A. H. Green, a certified welder, repaired an engine part.

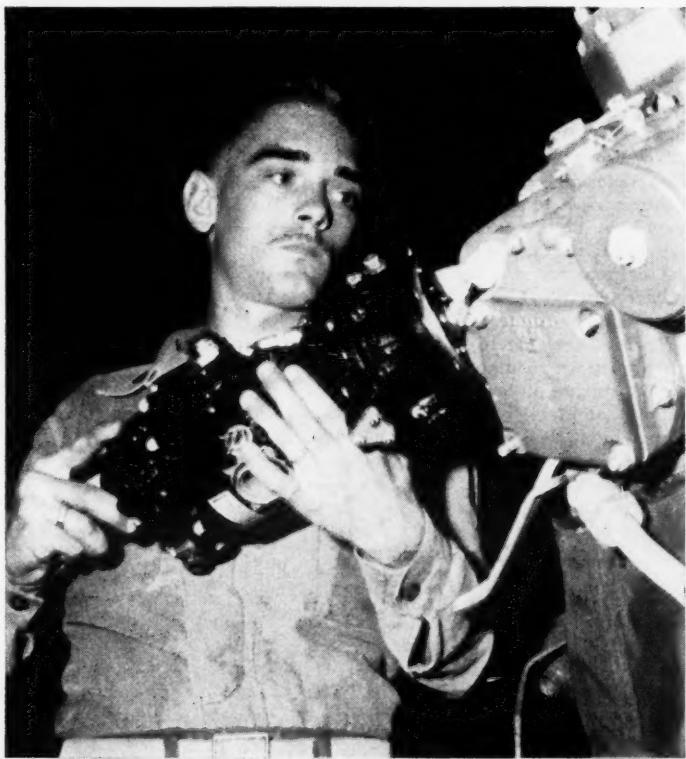


Aircraft are stripped, examined, repaired, reassembled and then repainted.

Paper work plays a major role in O&R procedures and functions.

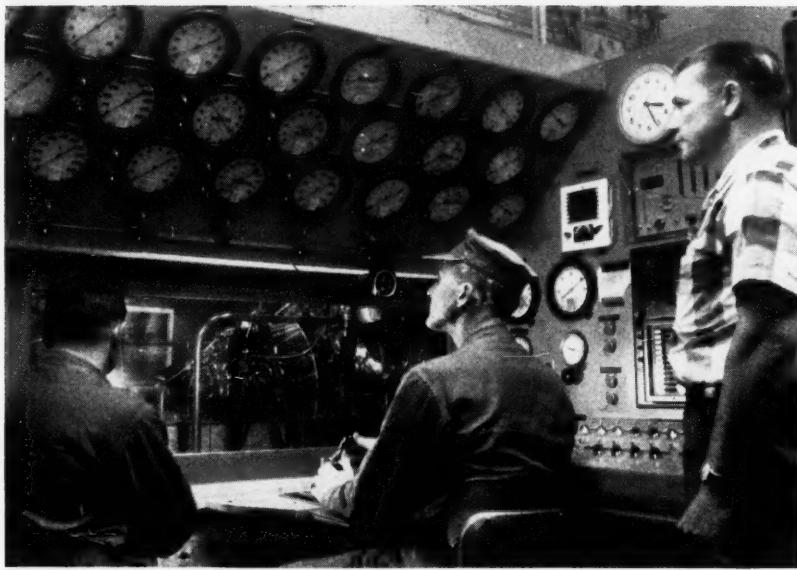


After an aircraft has been processed it is given a final test to determine if the engine and the plane's mechanical systems are functioning properly.



Cpl L. D. Rochelle attached lower fuel pumps and oil filters.

◀ *Ejection seat conversion and replacement is part of an updating program.*



Operators of the jet engine test cells can spot the slightest malfunction.

OVERHAUL

[Text continued from page 45]

to the Reserve prior to their induction into the repair hangar for progressive aircraft rework—updating.

Necessary maintenance, once it has been determined just what is needed, commences after the checks and test hops have been completed. If total repair is called for, the "body shop" tests the airframe for stress and damage, and replaces all parts of the "skin" which show undue fatigue.

Engines are sent to the engine shop, where they are dismantled, cleaned with steam, dipped in an acid solution to remove all foreign matter, and then dipped in a dye solution which, when X-rayed, exposes cracks or excessively worn areas. When all the parts have been checked out, they are painted (where and when necessary), and refitted if some component is missing or damaged. Parts which show excessive wear are sprayed with a liquid metal which builds up the worn areas. Then the parts are turned down on a lathe to the proper dimensions and reassembled into a complete engine. The engine then goes into a test cell for a final check.

If the engine is given a clean bill of health, it is either returned to one of the aircraft waiting for a power plant, sent to an air station which has requested an engine, or packaged and preserved for future use.

No matter what the problem may be,

O&R is capable of tearing the plane down to its wheels, then putting it back together again.

One of the gigantic operations of the department involves the Production Planning Group Organization, which provides for three major divisions:

Dispatch, Workload and Material.

Dispatch Division is responsible for the operation of all phases of the management control system which pertain to dispatch, executes shop schedules, conducts a continuous progress check and resolves processing delays. It orders day-to-day materials, maintains status of production, coordinates the control of production, and provides transportation services for the department. More than 350 pieces of rolling stock, including tractors, trucks, fork lifts, auxiliary power units, bicycles and 10-ton flat beds, provide the transportation.

Workload Division furnishes master and detailed schedules for aircraft engines, establishes workload priorities for all programs, correlates the departmental workload with productive capacity, provides customer service for any fleet activity, determines disposition action on aircraft and engines and prepares direct cost estimates for productive workloads.

By examination and evaluation, the division determines the depth of disassembly required on aircraft and engines, provides technical assistance and prepares correspondence and reports regarding workloads.

Material Division supplies materials, forecasts requirements based on schedules, prepares requisitions, compiles

and reports usage, expends about 77,000 items per month and controls Appropriation Purchase Accounts which amount to approximately \$2,876,341 per month.

O&R is a sprawling project which occupies an area about 3000 feet long by 1100 feet wide—nearly 75 acres. There are 22 separate buildings which cover upwards of 713,000 square feet of space. The majority of the buildings were built during the period between 1942 and 1944, and they have been occupied continuously since.

An additional hanger with supporting shop areas aggregating 110,000 square feet was added to the main building in 1953, and a final finish hanger and a flight test and emergency repair hanger were added later.

The final finish hangar contains 34,000 square feet of space which is subdivided into preparation and painting areas. The painting area contains four temperature-controlled, down-draft, water-wash, painting locations which will accommodate four fighter-type aircraft simultaneously.

The flight test and emergency repair hangar contains 31,000 square feet, and will accommodate as many as eight fighter-type aircraft.

Major functions of the Department, however, are performed in Buildings 137 and 133. Building 137 is devoted principally to airframe and airframe accessories overhaul, while jet-engine overhaul and jet-engine accessories overhaul are handled in building 133.

In addition to buildings and working space, O&R has approximately 1,063,420 square feet of paved aircraft parking area.

Because of the very nature and complexity of its program, O&R rework of aeronautical items encompasses a large variety of generalized production operations which include cleaning, finishing, painting and metal processing as well as specialized operations in the reworking and testing of mechanical, electrical, electronic, instruments, hydraulic and pneumatic components.

Specialized rework operations in many cases require substantial test facilities. For example, pneumatics covers such items as cabin refrigeration and pressurization units, gas turbine units, air turbine starters for jet engines, air turbine motors and associated valves and controls.

Definitely a "big business," the O&R Department is provided with test facilities which include fuel flows in excess of 60,000 pph, hydraulic flows of 40 gpm at 5000 psi and static air pressures up to 10,000 psi. It will soon be possible for them to simulate air speeds in excess of 300 knots, and their air compressors alone require 2400 hp for operation.

Aviation advances have led to

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Work engines 250 J34 P6a. 25

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Mr. C. tested

numerous plant improvement projects which have required construction of new test cells which are capable of testing 30,000 pound thrust engines, building "clean rooms" which can provide temperature, humidity and dust controlled areas.

These areas are necessary for work on bearings, test equipment calibration and the rework and testing of certain flight control system components.

Workload of the Department with jet engines includes the yearly overhauls of 250 J34-WE34, 280 J34-WE36, 75 J48-P6a, 250 J48-P8, and 270 J48-P8a.

There are 240 J48 engines which are repaired and kept current (service changes) on updating programs yearly. Many aircraft being processed by the Progressive Aircraft Repair program have their engines (J65 and J71) removed, inspected and if necessary, limited maintenance is performed in the engine's "hot" section.

Current value placed on the O&R Department exceeds \$25,800,000.

Colonel J. H. Clark, O&R Officer, has the responsibility of administering the operations of the O&R Department under the general direction of the Commanding General, MCAS, in accordance with controlling directives of the Bureau of Naval Weapons, concerning organization, policies, procedures, workloads and personnel complements.

He is thoroughly familiar with modern industrial practices in the handling of personnel and material and in work-flow methods. He adopts such practices for use in the O&R Department to ensure maximum efficiency and economy of operations.

One of the major benefit programs offered by the O&R Department is its



Mr. C. Goodwin, Jr. and Mr. J. Coppededge tested the vacuum of an OE.



MGySgt J. R. Todd can test hop any aircraft handled by O&R.

Apprentice Training. The Department of the Navy conducts apprentice training for the purpose of developing highly skilled artisans, and future key employees and supervisors. In order to meet these objectives, a well organized, effectively coordinated shop and related

instruction program is essential. The Navy's apprentice plan is set up to develop the character, personality, industry and initiative of the apprentice, as well as technical skill in his chosen trade.

Civilian apprentice trainees are selected by application and testing. Top scorers on the test are given a term of apprenticeship which spans four years, including a normal minimum of 1872 hours in each year. Total school hours required during each year range from a minimum of 160 hours to a maximum of 452 hours, depending upon the academic ability of the individual.

The senior civilian shop supervisor, in cooperation with the training superintendent, formulates the shop training plan to be followed by apprentices within each shop. A schedule of areas and elements of shop training is prepared for each apprenticeship for each year of apprenticeship. Each area of training contains the various elements of the area together with the maximum time allotted for each area and the approximate hours allotted to each element. At the present time apprentices are being trained in aircraft instrument mechanics, metalsmith (aviation), aircraft mechanic (general), electrician (aircraft), electronics mechanics, (continued on page 71)



by Al Weiler

CAMEL'S
'N' STUFF BY
WELSH

Mg Sgt MONK FLINT swirled the suds around in his glass and made careful rings on the Staff Club table. "One thousand dollars," he mused

with a knowing smile. "Ten little C-notes . . . they'd buy a lotta beers. . . ."

"An' all we gotta do is build the best outdoor Christmas display in the area. The merchants are donating the loot for the prizes and a committee of citizens will be the judges," SSgt Nails Borowski added eagerly.

"Any ideas?" asked Flint.

"Well," said Borowski thoughtfully, "we're only the Marine Detachment on this Naval Station, so the Navy's already grabbed the front gate. All that's left for us is the terraced lawn in front of the barracks."

"That's good enough," said the Gunny. "It's the highest ground on the post. You can see that point from miles around. What do you figure we should build?"

"I hear the Navy boys are gonna put up a Santa Claus. Never win; too off-beat. . . ."

"How about a space ship, pulled by rein-

deer. . . .?"

"Naw. Too corny. You gotta have something with more soul, more dignity. . . ."

"Like a manger?"

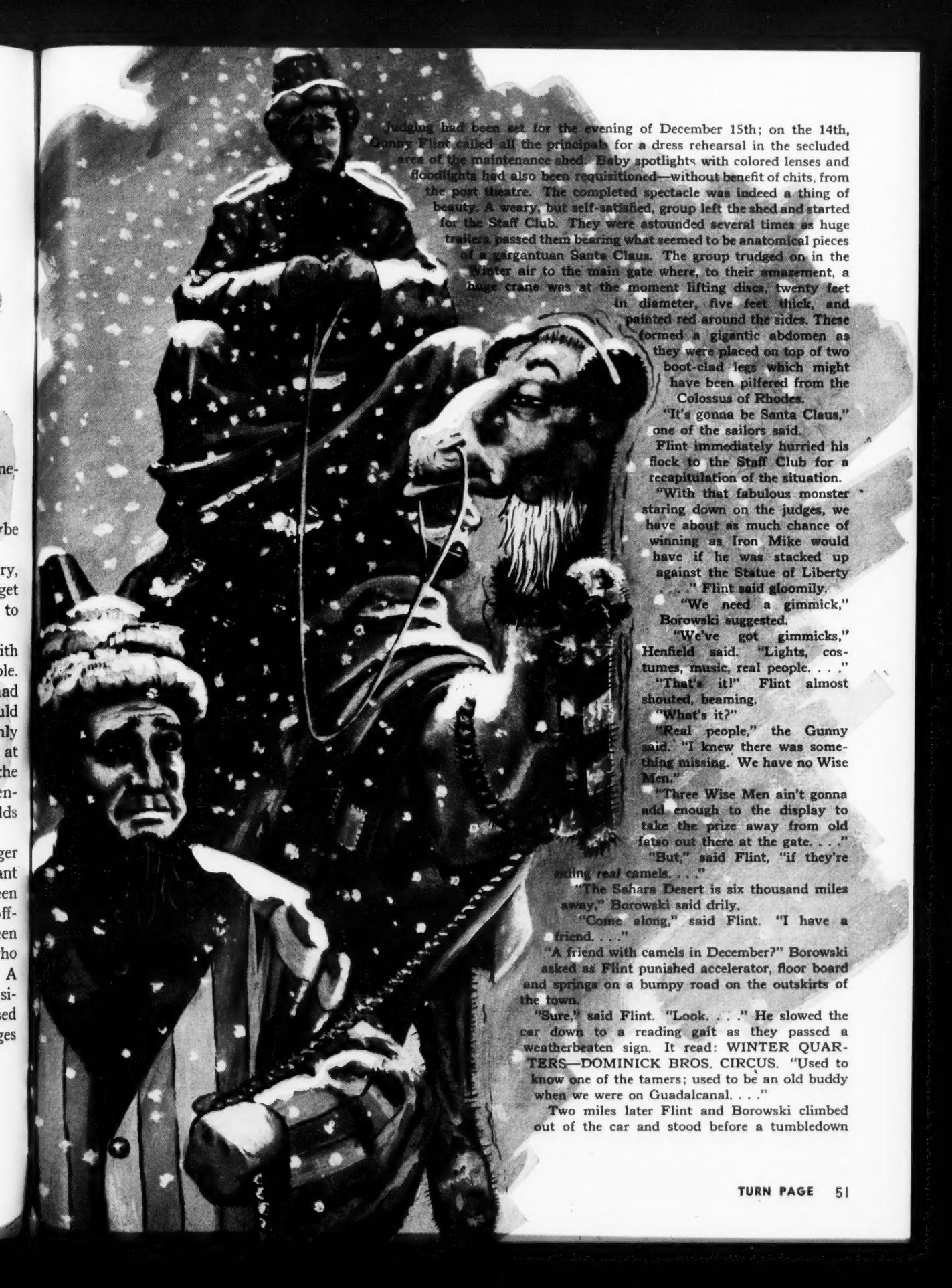
"Yeah, that's it. . . . A manger with maybe real people. . . ."

"No sweat; we'll do it. Call up O'Leary, Henfield, Smith and Reynolds. Tell 'em to get over here right away. And . . . on your way to the phone, order me another brew. . . ."

Half an hour later the six men, imbued with Yuletide spirit, were gathered around the table. SSgts Bull O'Leary and Benny Henfield had built a boat in their spare time; if they could build a seaworthy craft, they could certainly build a manger. SSgt Lucius Smith claimed at least a ten-yard patch of the paint on half the ships in the U.S. Navy. If O'Leary and Henfield would build it, he would paint it. Reynolds accepted the assignment of costumer.

In the following week, work on the manger progressed at a rapid and secret pace. A vacant portion of the maintenance shed had been draped off with old tarpaulins, and marked off-limits to Navy spies. A cast of actors had been drafted—except for Cpl Sandra Bostitch, who had kindly consented to sit by the manger. A hi-fi PA system had been midnight-requisitioned and carefully hidden. It would be used to play carols—at least on the night the judges would arrive. . . .

Flint was worried about the Navy's gigantic Santa Claus winning the display prize, but the Dominick Bros. Circus came to the rescue



Judging had been set for the evening of December 15th; on the 14th, Gunny Flint called all the principals for a dress rehearsal in the secluded area of the maintenance shed. Baby spotlights with colored lenses and floodlights had also been requisitioned—without benefit of chits, from the post theatre. The completed spectacle was indeed a thing of beauty. A weary, but self-satisfied, group left the shed and started for the Staff Club. They were astounded several times as huge trailers passed them bearing what seemed to be anatomical pieces of a gargantuan Santa Claus. The group trudged on in the winter air to the main gate where, to their amazement, a huge crane was at the moment lifting discs, twenty feet in diameter, five feet thick, and painted red around the sides. These formed a gigantic abdomen as they were placed on top of two boot-clad legs which might have been pilfered from the Colossus of Rhodes.

"It's gonna be Santa Claus," one of the sailors said.

Flint immediately hurried his flock to the Staff Club for a recapitulation of the situation.

"With that fabulous monster staring down on the judges, we have about as much chance of winning as Iron Mike would have if he was stacked up against the Statue of Liberty . . .

Flint said gloomily.

"We need a gimmick," Borowski suggested.

"We've got gimmicks," Henfield said. "Lights, costumes, music, real people. . . ."

"That's it!" Flint almost shouted, beaming.

"What's it?"

"Real people," the Gunny said. "I knew there was something missing. We have no Wise Men."

"Three Wise Men ain't gonna add enough to the display to take the prize away from old fatso out there at the gate. . . ."

"But," said Flint, "if they're riding real camels. . . ."

"The Sahara Desert is six thousand miles away," Borowski said drily.

"Come along," said Flint. "I have a friend. . . ."

"A friend with camels in December?" Borowski asked as Flint punished accelerator, floor board and springs on a bumpy road on the outskirts of the town.

"Sure," said Flint. "Look. . . ." He slowed the car down to a reading gait as they passed a weatherbeaten sign. It read: WINTER QUARTERS—DOMINICK BROS. CIRCUS. "Used to know one of the tamers; used to be an old buddy when we were on Guadalcanal. . . ."

Two miles later Flint and Borowski climbed out of the car and stood before a tumbledown

farm house which fronted various barns and outbuildings in like disrepair. As the men approached the house, a dim light went on inside and the door opened.

"Stinky?" Flint yelled.

"Sure is," came the answer. "Can't see your face, but the voice is familiar."

"It's Flint, you old dope-off. Came to borrow a couple of camels. . . ."

"Come on in and have a brew. How many you figure you need?"

"Brews?"

"No. Camels. Got five, all told."

"Three'll be fine," Flint said. "You in charge here?"

"Yeah. Ain't much left of the old show. Doin' my best to keep 'em fed. Sure runs up bills. Waitin' for three weeks now to hear from the owner. Sure wish he'd of taken these animals with him when he shoved off for Florida"

A case of brew and fifty sea stories later, arrangements were made to pick up the camels the following evening at seven o'clock.

"Nice guy, Stinky," said Flint as they rode wearily toward town. "Good thing we dropped by and reminded him; he'd of forgot it was Christmas. . . ."

At eight o'clock on December 15th, Sgts O'Leary, Henfield and Smith grumbled into their false whiskers as they awaited the arrival of Gunny Flint, Sgt Nails Borowski and a borrowed vanload of camels.

At eight-fifteen, Flint and Borowski rumbled up beside the manger, leaped from the cab of the van and opened the rear doors. They hauled out a runaway and proudly dragged three uncooperative camels through the opening.

"They ain't blue ribbon winners, but they'll do. Under those colored lights they'll be a sensation."

"The only sensation I get," said Borowski, "is a smell I don't think I'm gonna be able to stand."

By nine o'clock Gunny Flint had all his principals, lights and scenery arrange in an epic tableaux. Soft, nostalgic Christmas carols accented the mood. Elsie, the shaggiest of the three camels, insisted upon sitting down whenever Henfield took to the saddle. It was finally decided that he would stand, holding the reins. Zachini and Haneford, the two male camels, were staked fore and aft. Neither objected to the weight of their riders.

Even before the arrival of the judges, personnel from the post had begun to gather. Compliments were lavish. The

Navy's ostentatious Santa Claus was by-passed. The judges came, smiled happily, nodded to each other, and went away.

"Well," said Nails Borowski, still plucking bits of glue and crepe hair from his chin in the Staff Club, "I guess that did it. You see those judges?"

"They sure were snowed," said Gunny Flint. "The thousand clams are in the bag."

"Good evening, boys," said a familiar, but far too friendly voice behind Gunny Flint.

The two men turned. Smiling benevolently down on them was the unfamiliarly serene countenance of Captain Pierce Phillips, the CO. Behind him stood a somewhat apologetic Sgt Henfield.

"The good sergeant, here, has kindly consented to bring me to the club as his guest, since this is 'Boss Night.' May I join you?"

"Have a chair, Captain. Nice to have you here. . . ."

"What'll you have, Captain?" asked Borowski.

"Bourbon and soda, thank you. . . . Well, I must say, you boys certainly made a beautiful showing tonight. Confidentially, I overheard the judges as they went through the gate; they were sure they'd find nothing like your display in the remainder of their rounds Wouldn't be a bit surprised if that thousand dollars will be coming your way in a few days. . . ."

"That's encouraging, Captain," Flint said.

"Have any plans for the money, Flint?" the captain asked somewhat abruptly.

"Well, we thought we'd. . . ."

"You know, the captain interrupted, "the recreation fund has been running a little low. . . . Could do a lot with a thousand dollars. . . ."

"Oh, sure, Captain," Nails said hurriedly, "we've been giving that a lot of thought. . . ."

"We'd have to take a vote on it, of course," said Flint evenly. "There've been about seven of us working on this project. . . ."

"Of course," said Capt Phillips with a broad smile. "Maybe we're counting chickens before they're hatched, eh? But," he winked, "I feel confident somebody will benefit from your worthy efforts. . . ."

Capt Pierce Phillips downed his drink, asked to be excused and left the club.

"That does it," said Flint. "Who said Scrooge was dead?"

"We're on a spot, if we win that thousand," said Nails Borowski.

"How come," said Flint, fixing Henfield with a Gimlet-eye stare, "you

brought him to the club?"

"He was outside at the door when I got there. I asked him if he was waiting for someone and. . . ."

"He said, 'Yes, but maybe that one was held up,' so. . . ."

"Yeah. That's how it happened. How'd you know?"

"Well," said Flint, "I hate to let that miser think he's gettin' away with something, but I have been thinking about that rec fund. And it is kinda low. . . ."

"Sure. Let's give 'em the money. They need it. . . ."

"We ain't won it yet," said Nails Borowski drily.

Two days later, at a formal presentation in the captain's office, the chairman of the judging committee presented Gunny Flint with a check for one thousand dollars, which the Gunny immediately turned over to Capt Phillips to be deposited in the Recreation Fund account. Borowski, Henfield and Flint were each, in turn, congratulated by Capt Phillips who said in a grave voice, "I'll never forget this wonderful act of generosity."

"Now," said Gunny Flint, "let's get these camels back to Stinky."

At four-thirty that afternoon, Flint pulled up at the maintenance shed with the borrowed van and he, Borowski and Henfield loaded Elsie, Zachini and Haneford aboard. They drove in silence to Stinky's animal farm.

As they approached, Nails said softly, "I was getting sort of attached to Elsie"

"Zachini was gettin' kind of fond of me, too," said Henfield. "Early in the morning when I'd come to feed him, he'd look at me with them soulful eyes. . . ."

"Knock it off," said Flint. "They go back to Stinky today. Now! Understand?"

"Oh, sure, Gunny," said Henfield. "I was just sayin'. . . ."

"Forget it," said Flint. "Here we are. . . ."

Flint's voice ended in an abrupt tone of dismay. Stinky's house was boarded up tight. All the barns and outbuildings were standing with their doors wide open. Not a person or animal was in sight.

"Oh, no," said Flint.

"Oh, yes," said Nails. "Look at this card on the door. . . ."

Flint looked. It read: "Gone to Floridy with animals. Keep them camels as a sooveneer of the good old days. . . .". It was signed, "Stinky!"

"Where do we go from here?" asked Henfield.

"We go back to the barracks and try to figure a way to get rid of these ships o' the desert," said Flint.

At the base, Elsie, Zachini and Haneford were returned to their makeshift stalls in the maintenance shed. The three Marines headed for the Club to plan their strategy.

A huge telephone directory had been severed from its chain in the phone booth and it lay, along with large piles of change, on the table, as the three wise men held their conference.

"A zoo! That's it," said Flint. "Look up a zoo!"

"There's one in Chicago," said Henfield flatly.

"Get 'em on the phone," said Flint. "Ask 'em if they want three young, handsome, trained, tame camels. . . ."

Nails Borowski picked up a handful of coins and went to make the call. He was back in a few minutes.

"Got all the camels they need," he said. "Wouldn't even take 'em for nothing. . . ."

More phone calls to theatrical agencies, advertising outfits, local amusement parks and a pony ring brought identical results. Nobody wanted three camels.

"A Billboard magazine! That's what we need," said Flint.

"What is a Billboard magazine?" asked Henfield.

"Stinky used to read it all the time. It has the routes of all the circuses and carnivals; you can tell exactly what town they're playing! Come on. . . ."

In town, the three Marines located, after a two-hour search, a newsstand which had a current Billboard magazine. The first phone call to a circus in California was encouraging. Yes, they'd take the camels. But they could not buy them, nor could they afford the transportation for the three animals across the country. A phone call to Railway Express enlightened Henfield, Borowski and Flint. It would cost fifty dollars per camel to ship them to the coast.

Back at the Staff Club the three "wise men" pondered their plight with the help of brew after brew. Over their heavily burdened shoulders they heard a gruff voice.

"How long you guys think I'm gonna put up with those stinkin' camels you got holed up in my maintenance shed?"

"We got problems, O'Rourke," Flint told the glowering Supply Sergeant. "We tried to take 'em back, but their caretaker an' all their animal buddies shoved off without 'em. An' you know, O'Rourke, camels ain't exactly cold weather lovers. . . ."

"You're breakin' me heart, Flint," said O'Rourke, without feeling. "You better get them stinkers out of my shed tomorrow, or I'm gonna go see the old man. . . ."

"Go ahead!" stormed Flint. "See the

old man! You know them camels got him one thousand clams for the rec fund?"

"That was yesterday," said O'Rourke. "You think he remembers that today. . . .?"

"He ain't got that short a memory," said Flint.

"We'll see," said O'Rourke, "when I turn 'em loose on the post at 0700 tomorrow. . . ."

"Tomorrow morning," said Flint, "I'll ask the old man to give us back a hundred and fifty of the thousand and we'll send the camels to the circus on the coast. . . ."



"Sure," said Nails Borowski. "Why didn't we think of that before?"

"Let's have another brew," said Henfield.

"Flint," said Capt. Pierce Phillips, "you know I can't ask Special Services to give back a hundred and fifty dollars. That money has already been deposited and, for all I know, already spent. . . ."

"But, Captain, it's the only way we can send Elsie, Zachini and Haneford back to the life to which they have been accustomed. . . ."

"Sorry, Flint, I can't do it. They're your problem. And, I might remind you, we have an IG coming up on Saturday. I want those camels off the post before Saturday morning!"

"But, Sir, I'll lay my cards on the table. We haven't got a hundred and fifty dollars to send Elsie, Zachini. . . ."

"An order, Flint, is an order! I want those camels off this post before Saturday. That's all!"

O'Rourke had been as good as his word. At 0700 he had dragged the unwilling camels to the door of the maintenance shed and dispossessed them. During the night, a light snow had fallen and the three bewildered animals wandered about the post

shivering and wondering what made the white sand so cold.

That afternoon Flint became a very busy man, indeed. A hurried conference at lunch with Borowski and Henfield sent the three of them scurrying in search of the three best singers on the post. By four o'clock, two tenors and a baritone had been recruited.

At nine-thirty Flint and the singers waited at the mess hall for Borowski and Henfield to round up the camels. "This is the Yuletide season," Flint told his young volunteers. "Talents like yours must not be wasted. We must bring the old carols back to the little neighborhoods that hear them so seldom, snug in the still of the Winter night. But we will do this in the old tradition. You will be dressed as the Wise Men of old. You will ride real camels. And you will sing with the joy of the season. You are a Yuletide force in readiness, ready to bring hope into a world dismayed with a cold war. . . ."

"Here are the camels," said Henfield through chattering teeth.

"All right," said Flint. "Get into them Wise Men outfits. . . ."

The two tenors and the baritone, all PFC's, sang their way beautifully through four housing developments, while Flint, Borowski and Henfield rang doorbells and reaped a heavy harvest in contributions. At the conclusion of an unusually brilliant rendition of Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen, a siren shattered the brittle December air. A flashing red light approached, pulled up at the curb beside Elsie, Zachini and Haneford, and a large policeman stepped out and slammed the door.

"What," he said to the three singers, "do you think you're doing?"

"We're singing," said one PFC lamely.

"What's the trouble, officer?" asked Flint.

"You in charge of this menagerie?" asked the cop.

"Yes, Sir," said Flint, beaming.

"Where's your permit?"

"Permit? Since when do you need a permit to sing Christmas carols?" Flint asked indignantly.

"You can sing all the carols you want, said the officer, "but you can't ride the city streets on any four-footed animal without a permit. It's an ordinance. Now, where's your permit?"

"Sorry, officer, we didn't know. . . ."

"And," said the magistrate, "I am fining you thirty dollars each for every camel in your . . . er, caravan. Pay up, or I'll have to call your Commanding Officer. . . ."

A hurried count of the take for the evening revealed that it was short of the fine by (continued on page 75)

Leatherneck laffs



"I don't want to see any more equipment laying around!"





The Corps' northernmost Stateside barracks has many interesting aspects



by MSgt Clay Barrow

Photos by SSgt Russell W. Savatt, Jr.

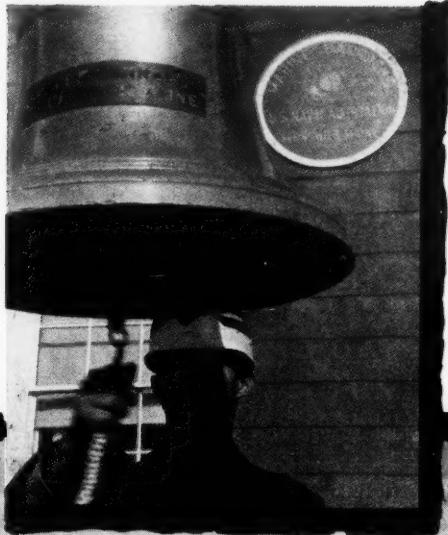
POST OF THE CORPS *Brunswick*

IF IT'S TRUE that noise annoys an oyster, the choppy waters off Brunswick, Maine, must have harbored literally jillions of petulant pearl producers during the war years. What with all the hammering of carpenters, the chiseling of masons and the splash-splashing of painters, the racket must have been deafening as a Naval Air Facility was erected

on Maine's rockbound, southeastern coast during the uncertain Spring of 1943. Added to the din were the moans of harassed RCAF pilots undergoing training; the maddening drip-drop of water off German periscopes; the sighs of relief as USN Scouting Squadron aircraft miraculously became airborne off the skimpy half-mile runway; and the screams of pain as unsuspecting

crewmens backed into the pot-bellied stoves which were the makeshift huts' only source of heat, and you get a vague idea of what the oysters must have endured.

There were, of course, Marines billeted at Brunswick. But they performed their demanding duties with typical quiet efficiency and contributed hardly at all to the oysters' dilemma.



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As suddenly as it began, the bedlam ended in 1946.

Snug in their beds, the oysters' only irritation was the far-off, faint clicking of flashlights as lonely watchmen made their rounds of the deactivated base.

But the beleaguered bivalves' watery idyl was quickly shattered. The base had been leased by the University of Maine and Bowdoin College, which had been all but buried under an avalanche of GI Bill students. The Air Facility seemed made to order to take the pressure off the schools' bulging campuses.

NAF Brunswick's conversion to campuses (and later to a civilian flying service) was not without pain, and some of the scars still remain. Big, barn-like, old Hangar #1 became a skating rink. A real *fun* place! Hangar #2's fate wasn't quite as ignominious; it housed a civilian flying school. Hangar #3 became a roofed-over parking lot. Ammunition magazines were converted into mushroom farms.

Three years later, when the facility had served its stop-gap academic and civilian needs, the U.S. Navy returned to Brunswick. Plans for the reactivation of the base achieved fruition just three months before the outbreak of hostilities in Korea. The national colors was hoisted the following year and the facility-turned-campus graduated to the status of Naval Air Station.

Along with the Navy, the Air Force moved in a Control and Warning Facility, a key link in the continental circumferential radar chain. In July, 1958, a small Marine detachment, under command of First Lieutenant Robert T. Motherway, arrived to take over the gates and assume responsibility for the

12-mile perimeter security of the 1500-acre station.

This initial 30-man group, part of the Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, N.H., quickly doubled in strength and, eight months later, Major Michael V. Palatas arrived to take command. Under Maj Palatas, current commanding officer, the detachment split from its parent organization, Portsmouth, and became a full-fledged Marine Barracks.

None of the Marines who served in Brunswick during World War II is there today (although a handful reside as civilians in the area). The station's growth, startling to an outsider, must be the more marked to these men. Gone are most of the temporary structures and, in their stead, nine three-deck concrete barracks house the 2000-man command. The single 2500-foot strip has grown to two 8000-foot runways. A modern operations tower capable of handling the station's mammoth mission, a new mess hall equipped to feed 5000 per meal, a new hangar, EM Club, theater, BOQ and crash-rescue fire facility have all been constructed since the Navy returned in 1951.

Several prominent landmarks of the war years remain. Two are worthy of mention: the hangars, which survived both the tortures of the jalopies and the skating rink and, secondly, the building which now houses the Marine Barracks.

Only two Marines—GySgt Julian Moncho and SSgt John A. Vergallito—remain of the original detachment. Their memories of those first hectic days are as interesting as the men themselves. GySgt Moncho, tall, quiet, a family man, recalls, "The detachment didn't move into this building right

away 'cause it had been condemned." He chuckled at the thought and continued, "The college kids had used it for classrooms and laboratories. Chemistry students had spilled so much gunk that the deck in one wing looked like the bottom of a bird cage. Everything was partitioned off like a rabbit warren and it seemed like the only thing the building was fit for was kindling."

SSgt Vergallito remembers, "This barracks needed everything; new wiring, ceilings, decks, storage space, classrooms, heads and bulkheads. But, mostly, it needed Marines living in here to do the job."

The building got the Marines and, somehow, between duty hours, they (with a mighty assist from Public Works personnel) put it back into not only livable, but in some respects, lavish conditions.

Let Maj Palatas pick up the story: "We were activated under austere conditions. But we've always prided ourselves on economy of operation and this barracks' 'Self-help' program typifies the ingenuity and industriousness of Marines in general. We got one good break with the deactivation of NAD Hingham, down in Mass. After getting official permission, we descended on Hingham with everything from crowbars to pipe wrenches and brought back sufficient gear to make the barracks quite comfortable."

The major is too modest. The Hingham "scrounge-runs" netted such items as a huge steam press, a five-inch gun, a monstrous reefer, an intercom system that could probably service the Pentagon, sufficient fluorescent fixtures to illuminate the Grand Canyon and nearly enough lumber to build a boardwalk from Nome to Tallahassee. Well, not quite—but almost.

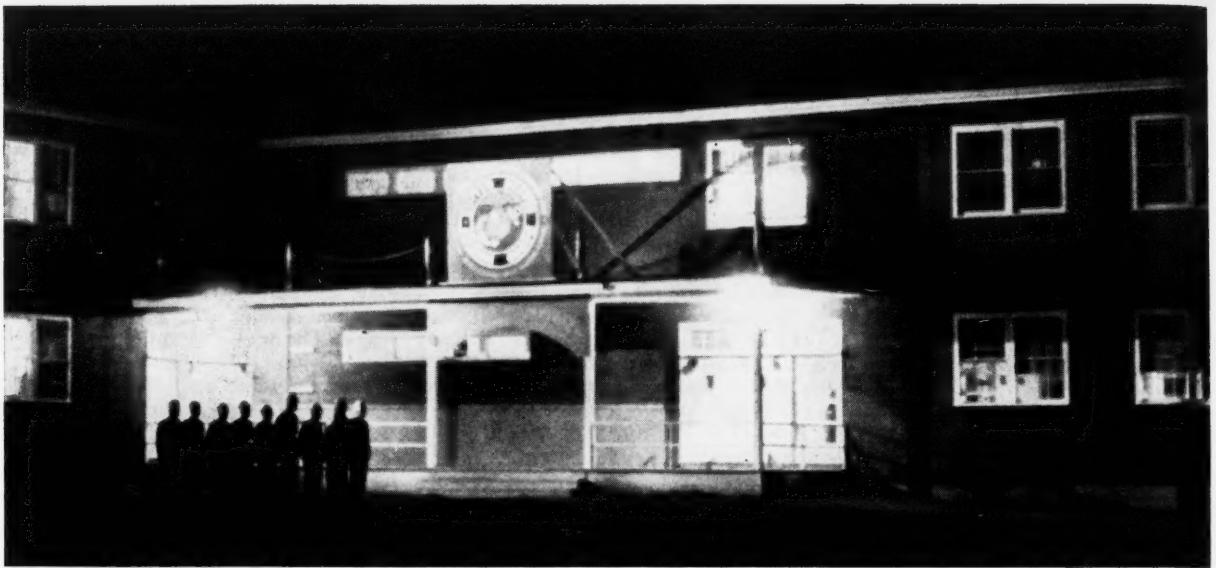
Public Works contributed major improvements such as rebuilding or modifying decks, bulkheads and overhead, as well as rearranging office space and renovating living areas. The Marines themselves built a rock retaining wall in front of the barracks and landscaped the entire area. Internally, they built their own hi-fi room, recreation room and lounges which were furnished for the most part with equipment from Hingham.

These were for personal comfort and convenience. But the duty aspect wasn't neglected. For example, they dismantled a 45-foot wooden observation tower at Hingham and erected it on one of their remote posts at Brunswick.

One of the results of the remodeling program is a "brown-baggers' room," complete with refrigerator, hot plate and coffee maker for the benefit of married men who tote their meals to work. A surprising statistic of the



Twice daily, the trickle of cars through the station's main gate swells to a torrent.



The massive Marine Barracks, designed to house three times the number of Marines now billeted there, loomed behind a corporal of the guard inspecting his eight-man relief.

BRUNSWICK (cont.)

command is the ratio of married to single men. Although about 40% are married (probably average for a three-officer, 91-enlisted command) what is unusual is that the married men are predominantly in the junior ranks. "It must be something in this Maine air," mused SSgt Vergallito. "We get a new man in and one minute he's walking post and the next thing he's walking down the aisle."

Besides Vergallito, one other key figure is a bachelor: First Sergeant Lawrence R. Anderson. Short of the ultimate of all Staff NCOs living aboard, the barracks has a nearly ideal situation with both the Top and the Guard Chief on board 24 hours a day. With the two big cats on hand, exuberant young mice do not frolic nor get as careless as they might otherwise.

1stSgt Anderson, a quiet, competent, 17-year veteran says, "Duty up here sometimes has its funny side. Like the night we called out the entire alert force to capture what looked and sounded like a band of saboteurs. When we got the light on them, they turned out to be a bull moose and his date."

When Anderson reported up from Quantico, they were still swimming in the Virginia pools. "I kept putting on more clothes," he says, "as I drove north and arrived here with the temperature in the 20's."

The Top could have added more about the vaunted Maine Winters when Marines put enough anti-freeze in cars to withstand minus-40 degree tempera-



When the alert sounds, the Marines (regardless of uniform) race to meet the emergency.

tures; when 20-day streaks of zero-and-below weather are commonplace; when the guard of the day went out on post by stepping out the barracks' second story window into the 18-foot snow drifts; when a lone sentry atop a bunker lost his footing and was completely swallowed up by the powdery snow. (This potentially grim accident had a happy ending. Because he had failed to check in every five minutes, a search was conducted. The trapped sentry was located after a 20-minute ordeal when the search party spotted his walkie-talkie's antenna protruding about a foot above the snow.)

"Maine Winters," said one man, "are

not as fierce as they sound. It's just that we're pretty exposed down here on the coast without the timber stands to filter the blasts. Still, they're tough enough where we have to close our pistol range four months a year because the frozen ground ricochets bullets off in all directions. And a married Marine reporting in from, for instance, three years at Albany, Ga., had better figure on spending about a hundred bucks per child for Winter clothes."

Much credit for MB, Brunswick's current status as a "happy ship" must go to its human dynamo executive officer, Marine Captain Joseph K. Griffis, Jr. An extremely active man,

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his interests range from hi-fi to deep sea diving. And his energy is infectious. He has interested many of the troops in electronics by setting up a complete workshop in the barracks where off-duty Marines construct and repair elaborate electronics equipment from commercial kits to broken television sets.

A qualified hard-hat diver, he recently used Scuba gear to retrieve more than 200 golf balls from the stream adjoining the station's nine-hole golf course. "Interesting duty, this," he comments. "How many other posts have whole populations of fox, deer, moose, skunk, and 'coon roaming around inside their fences?"

An avid archer, the captain has founded a club on the base whose members range the woodlands during the special season set aside for bow and arrow hunting. Whether tramping over "nubbles" (little hills) or plowing through the "black growth" (spruce and fir trees) the archer must rely far more on a skillful, silent stalk than the rifleman because of his limited range.

Under Capt Griffis' control, too, is a mountain of Special Services gear sufficient, it seems, to equip a regiment. "We were issued a lot, but we cumshawed a lot, too," he says.

Yet 782 and Special Services equipment must share the storeroom shelf space with several items which are far from standard issue, such as skis, snow-

shoes and all manner of Winter garb and gear.

And, to carry the captain's question a step further, what other post must contend with blueberry poachers? "We have," says Sgt Jerry L. Whitman, "one of the finest blueberry patches in the state. Cultivated once, they grow wild now near the fence-line and some enterprising natives sometimes reach through, pick them, and sell them back to us on the highway for 50 cents a quart."

In most respects, duty at Brunswick is similar to most Marine Barracks. The bulk of the command is assigned to First Lieutenant William G. Davis' two-platoon Security Section. New arrivals undergo an indoctrination period on one of the 13 posts, assisting the regular sentry. Because of the multiple mission of the station—it supports far-flung Fleet and Air Force activities and, performing its Anti-Submarine Warfare activities, deploys its squadron to such locales as Malta, Port Lyautey, Iceland and Argentia—all Marine sentries must have secret clearance.

When not on duty, there is much to see in the surrounding countryside. If you own your own camera, the salty, bronzed fisherman tending his lobster pots make a fine subject. Or, if you feel cocky, you might try your hand at camera-hunting. This little publicized, but popular sport, requires at least as much stealth, woodsmanship and guts as the original Maine Indians had

Camera hunters derive as much satisfaction from an 11" x 14" color photo of a bear fishing a mountain stream as another hunter might from skinning the same animal. The camera hunter is permitted one trophy which is denied to both archer and rifleman; they cannot shoot a moose—he can.

Not too far away from the base is lofty Mount Washington, for the sightseers. Here, a weather station has clocked the highest winds ever recorded. Nor are the Marines far from Mount Cadillac, where the troops ceremoniously raised the first 49-star flag in our country's history on July 4, 1959.

Then there's Brunswick itself, a typical New England town, whose most

TURN PAGE



Skis, thermal boots, lanterns, snowshoes, parkas and all manner of Winter garb and gear make this room look more like a general store than a storeroom.



"Bulldog Nine," the lone roving patrol, ranged the station's 12 miles of perimeter road.

BRUNSWICK (cont.)

striking feature is its broad main thoroughfare. Its Maine (don't forget the "e") Street was originally laid out by the colonists 16 rods wide so that travelers would have 100 feet of clearing on each side of their path to avoid Indian ambushes. In Brunswick is picturesque Stowe House, now a fine inn, but once the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe whose incendiary "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been called "the words that started the Civil War."

Within walking distance of the base's main gate is the wooded area on Bowdoin College's property called the Bowdoin Pines. The trunks of these unbelievably straight, towering trees were once ideal for the huge masts of sailing ships. Nearby Bowdoin, incidentally, has had some distinguished alumni. Among their number was the adventuresome Admiral Peary and the scholarly poets Longfellow and Hawthorne, not to mention a President (Franklin Pierce) of the U.S.

For the nautically inclined, nearby Bath beckons. The birthplace of the shipbuilding industry in America, more than 4000 have been constructed since the first ship, *Virginia of Sagadahoc*, slid down the ways into the Kennebec River in 1607. Bath's famed Iron Works (a shipbuilding company) has built everything from clipper ships and whalers to pleasure craft and warships.



His relatives won't doubt he's stationed in Maine when they see all those lobster traps.



Capt J. Griffis retrieved 200 golf balls from a stream.

It gained national prominence during both World Wars for the quantity and excellence of its destroyers. They presently are contracted with the U.S. Navy to build four guided-missile destroyers and two guided-missile frigates.

A Marine who prefers to remain anonymous sums up duty at Brunswick this way: "I've enjoyed the tour up here very much although rabid sports fans and most Southerners do not. The sports fan grumbles, 'Who the hell wants to watch Bowdoin play Tufts?' and claims he has to travel 150 miles to see a good sporting event. The Southerner doesn't cotton to the 79 inches of snowfall we got last year."

For the sports fan, of course, there is the minor consolation of TV which covers football games of the N.Y.



Major M. Palatas congratulated Sgt C. Thibeault, former Marine, who completed a crime detection MCI course.



As part of their community relations program, Barracks' Marines demonstrated how to display and honor the flag to the youngsters at nearby Mere Point Girl Scout Camp.

Giants and baseball and basketball games involving Boston's Red Sox and Celtics. For the Southerner, there's the small comfort that in his two-year tour (Staff NCOs and officers serve three) he only has to tolerate two Winters, and a bountiful Mother Nature throws in two invariably delightful Summers to balance them.

No, MB, Brunswick can't do much about the weather, nor dare they go into the professional sports promotion business. Maj Palatas and his staff waste little time on the things they can't control and concentrate on the things they can, such as comfortable living quarters, superb recreation equipment and adequate liberty. One thing is obvious even to the visitor. The command exhibits a genuine concern for, and an interest in, its men.

For the Brunswick Marines, the hectic days are behind. Short of war, the future seems to hold nothing but smooth sailing on quiet water.

And, below the water, undoubtedly rest literally millions of contented oysters.

END

We-the Marines

Edited by SSgt Chris Evans



MajGen James P. Berkeley, representing the CMC, unveiled a statue of Puerto Rico's only Medal of Honor winner, PFC Fernando Luis Garcia-Ledesma, USMC, who died in action in Korea. The ceremonies were held at Utado, Puerto Rico, in September.

Memorial Chapel

The first of 18 etched glass windows purchased with Marine and civilian donations was installed in the Marine

Corps Memorial Chapel at Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, November 4.

The chapel was constructed in 1957 and is dedicated in memory of all those who lost their lives serving in the

United States Marine Corps.

The first window depicted a Continental Marine with a background of Tun Tavern and a replica of the first Marine Corps button emblem—a crested

eagle surrounded by 13 stars and a large anchor.

Sgt W. E. Lambert
ISO MCS, Quantico

New Aircraft Group

Plans to reactivate and assign another Marine Aircraft Group to the Marine Corps Air Station, Beaufort, S.C., were announced in September.

The new unit, Marine Aircraft Group-31, was placed in a cadre status about November 1, with a strength of six officers and 75 enlisted men. This was necessary to allow an orderly input of supply items and support equipment.

Between January and May, 1962, the unit's personnel strength will be increased to 58 officers and 760 enlisted. It is expected that the group will be operational by July 1, 1962.

When fully operational, Marine Aircraft Group-31 will consist of a Headquarters and Maintenance Squadron, an Air Base Squadron, two fighter squadrons, an attack squadron, and a Marine Air Control Squadron.

The two fighter squadrons, the attack squadron, and the air control squadron are already in existence and VMA-324 was assigned to the group in September. The other squadrons will be assigned from other Marine units.

The personnel strength at MCAS, Beaufort will be increased by 57% as a result of this activation but according to Headquarters Marine Corps, existing facilities are adequate to support the new unit and no construction projects are deemed necessary at this time.

Marine Aircraft Group-31 was inactivated in 1958 at the MCAS, Cherry Point, N.C., following service during WW II and the Korean emergency.

Office of Public Affairs
DOD

Water Jump

Nine Okinawa-bound Reconnaissance Marines made a parachute training jump into the Salton Sea recently.

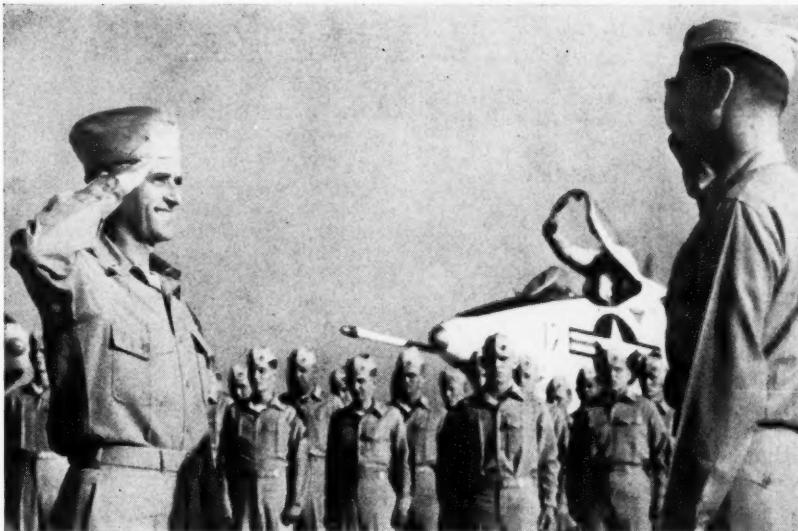
"Okinawa is a narrow island," said Captain G. H. Turley, supply and parachute maintenance officer for the 1st ReconCo. "It is easy for a chutist to be blown off course and land in the ocean. Without previous training, he could not be expected to react properly, particularly if it were a night jump."

Force Reconnaissance Marines wear life jackets when jumping into water but they do not inflate them unless they are unable to swim ashore.

ISO
1st MarDiv

Toys for Tots

Something happened recently which should make every Marine Reservist



Official USMC Photo

LtCol J. Wilkinson (L) assumed command of Beaufort's newest squadron, VMA-324, on October 9, 1961.

proud of his affiliation with the annual Toys for Tots campaign.

One of the dolls contributed by a toy manufacturer found its way into the arms of a seven-year-old boy who hadn't been able to speak for four years.

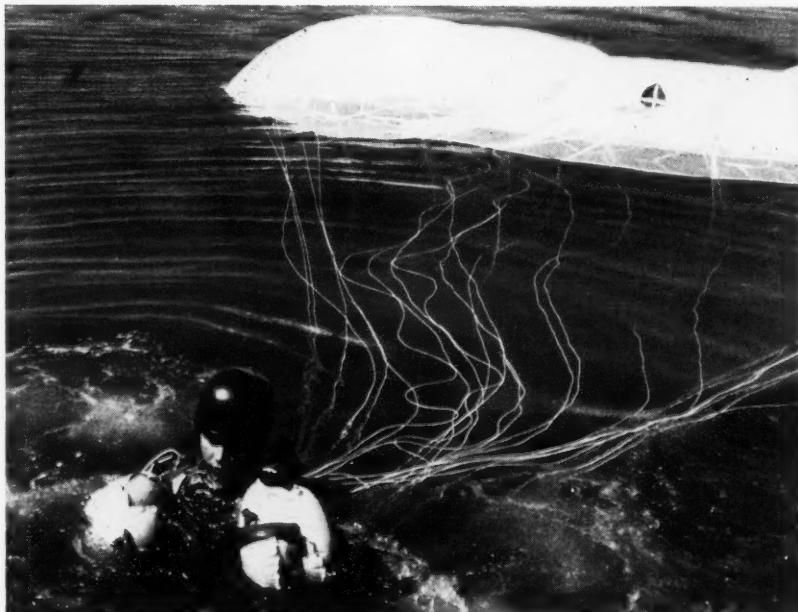
A nun in the Psychology Department of the Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles, submitted a request to the 8th 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion, USMCR, for a talking doll that couldn't talk.

The nun's request was fulfilled and she introduced the doll to the boy by explaining that the doll normally could talk, but had lost its voice. Would he help the doll learn to talk again by being its voice?

He was left alone daily with the doll and a tape recorder.

Within three months, the sound of the boy's voice appeared on the tape and his speech gradually improved as he "taught" the doll to talk. His voice

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

A Reconnaissance man shucked his parachute after landing in the Salton Sea during a practice jump.

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

now has been fully restored.

PFC Robert D. von Tiehl
8th 105-mm. HowBn, USMCR

Marines Bridge the Colorado

Marines from the 7th Engineer Battalion, Camp Pendleton, along with elements from Twentynine Palms and El Toro, challenged the Colorado's currents to span the river with a 60-ton capacity combat bridge.

This was the first bridge training on the Colorado in 10 years. It was conducted about 15 miles south of Blythe, Calif., between October 2 and November 4.

Helicopters from the Third Marine Aircraft Wing were used to lift and transport bridge components weighing up to 5000 pounds.

The 400-foot bridge was constructed in an effort to develop, perfect, and maintain combat readiness.

ISO
1st MarDiv

Marines Return to Maui

"Operation Silver Sword," an amphibious training exercise, was conducted on the Island of Maui from late October to November 3.

It was the first major Marine Corps-Navy amphibious landing exercise to be staged on Maui since World War II. Maui was the training base for the Fourth Marine Division during the Second World War.

Landing forces were composed of the Kaneohe-based 1st Marine Brigade under the command of Major General Richard G. Weede, while air support for the operation was furnished by squadrons of Marine Aircraft Group-13, air arm of the 1st Brigade.

The landing exercise was in two phases. Air units moved to Dillingham Air Force Base at the western end of the island of Oahu about October 10 and Brigade ground units outloaded aboard ships from Kaneohe and Pearl Harbor on October 25.

During the exercise, Marine helicopters operated from Kahului Airport on Maui. A detachment from Marine Air Control Squadron-2 set up facilities on the island of Lanai and provided radar support.

"Operation Silver Sword" was a routine training exercise conducted to maintain and improve proficiency and teamwork in amphibious techniques and doctrine developed and employed by the Navy and Marine Corps.

ISO
1st MarBrig

Quota Busters

The New Orleans Marine Corps Recruiting Station has averaged 117% of its assigned quota over an 80-month period and is the only station in the nation which has met or exceeded its regularly assigned fiscal year quota for the past nine years.

The "vibrating quota busters" possess a fiery determination to defend what they believe to be a record and to extend that record as long as possible.

Traveling about the deep South on foot, by sedan, with trucks and in some cases, navigating the bayous and waterways in pirogues, these recruiters have established themselves as conscientious go-getters.

Major Frederick A. Hale, Jr., Officer-in-Charge, attributes his station's suc-

cess to hard work and typical Marine teamwork. He said, "The success of these Marine Corps salesmen is a result of their devotion to duty, singleness of purpose, willingness to accept a challenge, realization of the importance of teamwork and knowledge of and belief in their product."

Sgt Ken Loeser
PANCO, NOLA

Christmas Messages

Many Okinawa-based Marines will see and hear their loved ones during the Christmas season through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service on Okinawa.

The station on Okinawa and the Camp Pendleton Information Office worked together in producing tape re-



Official USMC Photo
A huge crane positioned heli-lifted bridge sections when Marine engineers bridged the Colorado.

cordings and still pictures for the messages.

The messages were recorded between November 1 and December 6 and shipped to Okinawa so they would arrive in time for Christmas.

PIO
Camp Pendleton

New Buddy System

The buddy system for refueling jets in flight has long been a proven asset to Marine Corps aviation but a new concept has now come about in the form of air-to-ground refueling.

For perhaps the first time in aviation history, a specially converted helicopter successfully refueled another helicopter in mid-air. Later, the same success was achieved when a helicopter refueled two tank land vehicles while hovering less than 30 feet above the ground.

Utilizing the new refueling system, one tanker helicopter can accommodate two or more land vehicles and if necessary, it can refuel a moving vehicle in fairly open terrain.

Sgt W. E. Lambert
ISO, MCS, Quantico

President of Jaycees

SSgt Donald F. Smith, Marine recruiter in Wytheville, Va., has been elected president of that city's Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The Marine, twice selected as Fifth Marine Corps Reserve and Recruitment District's Recruiter of the Month, was selected to the Jaycees' top post after having been active in civic and church work during his tour as NCOIC of the recruiting station in Wytheville.

Since his assignment to the Virginia city in 1960, Sgt Smith has, in addition, to his regular recruiting activities, organized and directed the Jaycees' Youth Fitness Program, coached junior football teams, and worked with church groups in an attempt to improve the local youth programs.

Sgt Smith, an 11-year veteran of the Corps, served in Korea with "I" Company, 3d Bn., First Marines. Since his return to the U.S., he has seen duty in Charleston, S.C., Bermuda, Camp Lejeune and as a Drill Instructor at Parris Island.

SSgt Jim Lovelady
PAB, 5th MCRD
Washington, D.C.

Parallel Careers

Two Marines could hardly have more similar careers than LCpls Terry G. and Jerry R. German, twin brothers of the Second Marine Aircraft Wing, Cherry Point, N.C.



Official USMC Photo
A tanker helicopter, hovering overhead, refueled a tank during testing exercises at MCS, Quantico.

The twins were among 57 Marines selected for the Naval Enlisted Scientific Education Program for 1961. In June, they were transferred to the Naval Preparatory School, Bainbridge, Md., for a nine-week course before beginning four years of college.

Sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. German, Lehighton, Pa., the twins were born December 3, 1941, and have seldom been far apart since.

They graduated from high school among the top five of their class. They played baseball in high school, where the battery was German and German; Jerry pitching and Terry catching.

They joined the Marine Corps on August 19, 1959, and were promoted to PFC after recruit training. They attained their present rank last January and completed Electronics School at Memphis, Tenn., as the two top men in the class.

After their college training, the twins will mark up one more accomplishment together when they pin on their bars as Marine commissioned officers.

DivInfo, HQMC

Camp Hansen Dedicated

The Marine Corps dedicated its newest all-Marine camp on Okinawa, September 2.

Camp Hansen, named in honor of Pvt Dale M. Hansen, who was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor for his actions on May 7, 1945, covers 560 acres of land in the vicinity of Kin Village.

Major General Robert E. Cushman, Jr., Commanding General, Third Marine Division, dedicated the camp.

A battalion parade concluded the ceremonies as Lieutenant General Paul W. Caraway, USA, Okinawa High Commissioner, and Gen Cushman took the review.

Capt Edward J. Clarkson
ISO 3d MarDiv

Inter-service Cooperation

Marine Reservists of Boise, Idaho's 44th Rifle Company joined with Troops "D" and "B" of the 116th Armored Cavalry, Idaho Army National Guard,

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

for joint maneuvers in the high desert of the Pickle Butte area, three miles south of Lake Lowell, Idaho, on September 10.

In the first stage, the Marine teamed with Troop "D" to pull a night attack against Troop "B," which acted as an enemy outpost.

The units utilized M-48 and M-41 tanks of the Guard units to pave the way for the infantry assaults by the Marines.

The purpose behind the joint maneuver was to provide both soldiers and Marine Reservists with more extensive combat training.

ISO
44th Rifle Co., USMCR
Boise, Idaho

Newspaper Awards

American Heritage Newspaper Awards were presented to the Cherry Point *Windsock* and the Camp Lejeune *Globe* in September.

The papers were commended for "having done an outstanding job of informing their readers about the Federal Absentee Voting Program and stimulating interest in the 1960 elec-



Official USMC Photo

American Heritage Foundation Awards were presented to the editors of the *Windsock* and the *Globe*.

tions."

Mr. Sam Ragan, Executive Editor of the Raleigh, N.C. *News and Observer* and the *Raleigh Times*, acting as special representative for the foundation, made the presentations at Cherry Point.

According to Mr. Carlisle P. Runge, Assistant Secretary of Defense, the Marine Corps posted the finest voting record of any service in 1960.

ISO
MCAS, Cherry Point
END

BENTON
MB, La.
BURNS, to 1stM
SEAL, to
MCAS, SPOTANS
to MCS

ASEDO,
MCB C
CONNOR, to
2dM
JOHNSON,
MAIA,
LINER,
to 3dM
LITTLE,
Brig
QUEEN,
to MCS

ADAMS,
CamPen
CRABB, 1
1stNAW,
DOLLY, to
CamPen
HAGDE,
MD, US
KREMER,
ForTr
LANGLEY,
to MCS
SHEPHERD,
Glen, to
MILHOOL,
MCRD,
WALLING,
to M
WHITTIN,
to MCA
WILSON,
2dMarD
WRIGHT,
to Trps

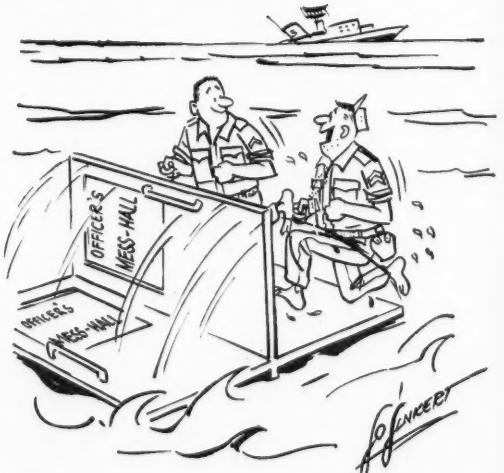
ANDERSON,
to MAD
ANDREW,
Phibb,
APGAR, to
H&S
BAKER,
MAW
BASNETT,
MARD
BRIGHT,
to 1stM
BUCCI, J
CamPen
CAPPIS, R
SD
COOTE, E
MAW
CROCKER,
MCB C
DAVIS, M
D'AGOSTINO,
MAG, N
DEPASSE,
to FM
DOVE, D
Korea, to
DOWNY,
NAS Pr
DUNLOP,
MAG-32
EVERS,
MARD
EWELL, I
FENN, A
CheP
FIGUEROA,
MAW
FREITZ, M
SCHMIDT,
GARRISON,
Pintected
GELFMAN,
2dMarD
GENMELI,
MAW
GIBSON,
1stM-D
GOODNIGHT,
FNL
HALEY,
MarDiv
HAMPTON,
3dMarD
HAGUELY,
1stM-D
HILL, A
RD SD
HILL, L
MarDiv
HILLY, C
EL, T
KARNS,
CamPen
KEELING,
CamPen
KENNEDY,
MAW
KIRBY, E
MARD
KLEIN, L
LANEY, C
Korea, to
LONG, C
MAW
LOPER, E
El Toro

SEPTEMBER CRAZY CAPTION WINNER



"You're young son, I didn't get
where I am overnight!"

Submitted by
Leonard E. Price
C/O WVUE - TV
New Orleans, La.



(CAPTION)

Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay \$25 for the craziest caption received before January 1. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the cartoon at right, print it on the line under the cartoon and fill in your name and complete address. Tear out the cartoon and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the March, 1962 issue.

NAME

ADDRESS IN FULL

SgtMaj

BENTON JR, E A (9999) 3dMarDiv to MB Lake MeadB
BURNS, E A (9999) MB NAD Hawthorne to 1stMAW
SEALY, "A" "B" (9999) 1stMarBrig to MCAAS Yuma
SPOTANSKI, J H (9999) MCB CamLej to MCS Quant

MgSgt

ASEDO, R D (0121) MB NS SFran to MCB CamPen
CONNOR JR, F W (3516) MCB CamLej to 2dMAW
JOHNSON, B K (6611) 3dMAW to 1stMAW
LINDER, A J (3349) MAD NATTC Mfs to 1stMarDiv
LITTLE, B (3516) 2dMAW to 1stMarBrig
QUEEN, A J (3516) ForTrps FMFLant to MCS Quant

1stSgt

ADAMS, R L (9999) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen
CRABB, W V (9999) MB Lake MeadB to 1stMAW
DOLLY, J R (9999) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen
HADGES, E C (9999) MCB CamPen to MD 1SS Princeton
KREINER, M E (9999) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej to MCS Quant
SHEPHERD, F J (9999) MARTC NAS Glen to MCB CamPen
MILHOLEN, D P (9999) MCS Quant to MCRD SD
WALLINGFORD, R E (9999) 2dMarDiv to FMFLant NorVa
WHITTINGTON, S F (9999) 1stMarBrig to MCAS El Toro
WILSON, R W (9999) I-I 46thRIFCo to 2dMarDiv
WRIGHT, H P (9999) MB Pearl to ForTrps 29 Palms

MSgt

ANDERSON, E W (3349) MCB CamLej to MAD NATTC Mfs
ANDREWS, H (0849) StfAlw Nav-Pilot to 1stMAW
APGAR, H L (3019) MB NavActy Naples to H&Sbn FMFLant
BAKER, E E (3261) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
BASNETT, A R (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCRD PI
BRIGHTMAN, J C (1169) Camp Butler to 1stMarDiv
BUCCI, J R (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen
CAPPIS, R (0369) I-I 7thATC to MCRD SD
COOTE, B (3261) MCAAS CherPt to 1stMAW
CROCKER, M M (1371) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej
DAVIS, M G (3049) HQMC to 2dMarDiv
D'AGOSTINO, C C (6413) 1stMAW to MAD NATTC Jax
DEPASSE JR, J F (0121) MB NB Npt to FMFLant NorVa
DOVE, D F (3049) MarCorComp NAG Korea to 1stMarDiv
DOWNEY, H B (4611) MAD NABTC Nas Pntch to 3dMAW
DUNLOP, H G (3516) MCS Quant to MAG-32
EVERS, T N (3049) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
EWELL, K G (6727) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
FENWICK, A R (6713) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt
FIGUEROA, S J (6227) 2dMAW to 3dMAW
FRITZ, M W (1349) MB NB NorVa to 9thMCRD
GARRISON, "J" "B" (1349) MD USS "Iwo Jima" to 1stMAW
GELFMAN, H R (2771) I-I 2dTkBn to 2dMarDiv
GENMELL, J A (6621) 2dMAW to 1stMAW
GIBSON, J H (1316) MCSC Barstow to 1stMarDiv
GOODNIGHT, J H (3049) 3dMarDiv to FMFLant NorVa
HALE, H D (1381) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv
HAMPTON JR, W E (6631) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
HAUGLEY, L J (2761) 1stMarDiv to 1stMAW
HILL, A R (0369) 8th MCRD to MCRD SD
HILL, L O (0848) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv
HOLLY, C S (6511) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro
KIRNS, T F (1371) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen
KEELING, J T (4312) 3dMAW to MCB CamPen
KENNEDY, T F (6511) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
KIRBY, E R (2771) MCB CamPen to MCRD SD
KLINE, L J (7113) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
LANEY, C M (3049) MarCorComp NAG Korea to MCSC Albany
LONG, C F (6412) MCAS CherPt to 1stMAW
LOPER, E G (3049) Barstow to MCAS El Toro

Transfers



Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

GySgt

ACKERMAN, E G (6411) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
ALBER, T H (1316) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej
ANDERSON, J (3049) I-I 6thRIFCo to ForTrps 29 Palms
BARNETT JR, J M (0369) HQMC to MCB CamLej
BASSETT, J V (3049) MB NB Subic Bay to 1stMarDiv

DUTIEL, R O (0349) MCSC Barstow to I-I 2dTkBn AAA Btry
EARLE, J B (6711) 1stMarBrig to ForTrps CamLej
EDSON, E E (0369) MB NAND Seal Beach to 1stMarDiv
ENGLISH, L T (0369) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv
FARRAR, R J (6413) MCAAS Yuma to MAG-36
FARRAR, J C (3537) MCAS K-Bar to 2dMAW
GARCIA, E F (6461) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
GARVIN, B W (6112) 1stMAW to MAR-TD MARTC NAS Alameda
GERRON, J B (6142) 1stMAW to MAR-TD MARTC NAS Alameda
GILDEN, C F (1391) 3dMarDiv to MAG-26
GREENWOOD, C I (0369) 2dMarDiv to 9th MCRD
GRIFFEY, I G (0431) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW
GULDENSCHUH, H E (1371) ForTrps FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
GURTON JR, R L (0141) 1stMarBrig to ForTrps 29 Palms
HALL JR, R B (0211) FMFLant to ForTrps CamLej
HANNAH, M L (3516) MCB CamLej to 1stMAW
HASTINGS, C H (1169) Camp Butler to MCB CamPen
HAUGEN, J H (0369) 9th MCRD to 1stMarDiv
HEMINGTON, P W (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen
HERRIOTT, B H (3049) AmEmb Montevideo to MCSC Barstow
HESSINGER, J E (0369) 2dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv
HOFSTETTER, W E (3049) MARTC NAS Glen to 1stMAW
HORN, F P (0369) 3dMarDiv to MB NB Bsm
HORADAN, L R (6611) MAD NATTC Mfs to 1stMAW
HINDERLITER, J R (1349) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
HIRSCHMANN, H (6491) 1stMAW to MAG-32
HOBBS, R W (0141) MCS Quant to HQMC FFT
DARAS, E M (0141) MCB CamPen to MB Pearl
DAVIS SR, H N (1371) Camp Butler to 2dMarDiv
DAWKINS, E D (3421) 3dMarDiv to 12th MCRD
DAY, O J (0141) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
DODGE, R L (6713) 1stMAW to MCAS Beaufort
DARR, J A (0141) MCRD SD to HQMC FFT
DARAS, E M (0141) MCB CamPen to MB Pearl
DAVIS SR, H N (1371) Camp Butler to 2dMarDiv
DAWKINS, E D (3421) 3dMarDiv to 12th MCRD
DAY, O J (0141) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
DODGE, R L (6713) 1stMAW to MCAS Beaufort
DORAN, F L (3049) MCAS El Toro to MCSC Barstow
DREKE, C E (7113) MARTD MARTC NAS Glen to 1stMAW
DUNCAN, H C (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
DURRENCE, J F (1371) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv

TRANSFERS (cont.)

JONES, D G (0811) 2dMarDiv to 3d-MarDiv
 JUDY, R M (0141) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 KEIPER, C F (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 KELLER, D T J (3049) I-1 95thRIFCo to 1stMarBri
 KLAUS, C C (1371) ForTrps FMFLant to 1stMAW
 KNOX, V V (2561) MCAS Yuma to 3dMarDiv
 KRUEGER, A C (0239) ForTrps FMF-RC to HQMC
 KYLE, W L (0141) 3dMarDiv to Camp Smith
 KRYGIER, G J (7041) MB WashDC to 1stMAW
 LA DUE, G C (0369) MCRD SD to 9th MCRD
 LANGFORD, C W (3311) AmEmb El Toro to 2dMAW
 LOUGHLIN JR., W W (1381) 2dMarDiv to 4th MCRD
 LUEKEMEYER, E E (3049) I-1 12th-RIFCo to MCAS 29 Palms

LUNDSTROM, J C (3371) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW
 MAGARIN, R R (6741) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
 MAADDUX, K E (4312) 3dMAW to MB Pearl
 MALAY, D A (6412) MCRD PI to 1stMAW
 MALECKI, E M (0369) 2dMarDiv to I-1 71stRIFCo
 MELISS, J C (5711) MCRD PI to 2dMAW
 MARION, B J (6412) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
 MARTIN, W F (6411) 1stMAW to MAG-32
 MASI JR., G (0369) MCAS New River to 1st MCRD
 MAXFIELD, W (3051) 12th MCRD to 1stMarDiv
 MCCLAREN, JR., T (3121) MarCorComp NAG Korea to MCB CampPen Albany
 MICA JR, P (0141) 1st MCRD to 3dMAW
 MILLER, P M (0431) FlagAwr COM-PIAGRUE J, H (3049) HQMC FFT
 MOORE JR., J H (3049) MCAS El Toro to MCAS-I Yuma
 MORTIMER, W G (3049) I-1 29thRIFCo to MCAS Albany
 MOSRIE, S S (3019) I-1 1stOrdFID Maint to FMFLant NorVa

MOULTON, F R (3537) 2dMAW to 3d-MarDiv
 NIANZE, F (0369) 1stMarBri to 1st-MarDiv
 OYLER, R A (0369) 12th MCRD to MCB CampPen
 PACE, M H (6511) MAD NAS PaxRiv to 1stMAW
 PACHUCKI, R J (4631) MCRD PI to HQMC
 PAHNKA, S (0369) MCB CampPen to 1st 7thATCo
 PENROSE, J C (6413) HQMC to MAG-36
 PLATKIN, J M (1169) 3dMarDiv to 1st-MarDiv
 QUAY, L D (3211) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv
 RAMSEY, J E (6511) 1stMAW to MCAS 1st 10thRIFCo
 REVIS, H M (2111) MCRD SD to MCSC Albany
 REYNOLDS, P C (1371) 3dMarDiv to MCB CampLej
 REYNOLDS, R A (0349) FMFLant to 1stMarDiv
 RICHIE, W E (3049) MarCorComp NAG MCAS Albany
 ROMANINI, W J (0369) 3dMarDiv to MB NAS MitFid
 ROUSE, A H (3121) 3dMAW to MCAS Beaufort
 SANDERS, J C F (5546) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 SANTAGO, G (3049) I-1 5th105mmHow-Btr to 1stMarDiv
 SAWYER, R (0369) ForTrps FMF-RC to MCAS Albany
 SCOGGINS, JR., E (3211) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 SCOTT, G A (6511) 2dMAW to 1stMarBri
 SCOTT, L T (0239) MB WashDC to 3d-MarDiv
 SHEPARD JR., G C (0369) 1stMarBri to MCB CampPen
 SHIFFLETT, D R (1371) MB WashDC to 3d-MarDiv
 SHORES, C D (6725) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
 SMART, J E (1381) 3dMarDiv to 2d-MarDiv
 SMITH, D "L" (0369) MCRD SD to MCB PI
 SMITH, R L (0211) 3dMarDiv to MCAS El Toro
 SMITH, R L (1349) MCS Quant to 3d-MarDiv
 SPAETH, R H (0141) AmEmb Saigon to 3dMAW
 SPEDDLE, H E (0141) MCS Quant to I-1 4thInfBn
 SPERBORT, JR., E (0811) ForTrps to 1-1 7th105mmHow-Btr
 STATH, C H (6412) MARTD MARTC NAS Glen to 1stMAW
 STAUMPF, JR., F A (6227) 2dMAW to 3dMAW
 STEELSMITH, J W (6621) 2dMAW to MCB CampPen
 TAYLOR, G L (3516) MCS Quant to 1stMAW
 TEASLEY, H M (3211) MCSC Albany to 1stMAW
 TEVERBAUGH JR., J W (6611) MCRD SD to 1stMAW
 THIVIERGE, L C (0141) 4th MCRD to MCAS Cherpt
 THOMAS, W F (2336) 1stMarDiv to 1stMAW
 THOMPSON, H I (0369) 1st MCRD to MCRD PI
 THURSTON, H I (0369) 1st MCRD to MCRD PI
 THURSTON, W H (0369) MCRD SD to MCB CampPen
 ULMER, R H (0369) 2dMarDiv to I-1 100RIFCo
 VAN WYNGARDEN, J P (3421) MCSC Barstow to 1stMarDiv
 WALLER, C L (0369) I-1 25thRIFCo to FMFLant NorVa
 WELCH, W (3049) 1st MCRD to MCRD PI
 WHITENER, T L (0241) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW
 WILBER, P K (0141) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW
 WILSON, R V (6461) MCRD PI to MAG-32
 WOOD, R M (3516) ForTrps FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
 YATES, A A (0141) LdgForTruUPac to 3dMAW
 YOUNG JR., J A (0369) 1stMarBri to 1stMarDiv
 YOUNG, R W (6412) 1stMAW to MAR-TD MARC Barstow Alameda
 ZERBECK, C M (6412) MAD NATTC Mir to 2dMAW
 ZIRK, L E (6413) 1stMAW to 3dMAW

ASH JR, C (0141) 3dMarDiv to MAG-32
 AUER, G M (0300) 4th MCRD to 1st-MarDiv
 BAIVES, H R (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCB CampPen
 BAZTERA, JR., W E (3371) MCB CampLej to 1stMarBri
 BEANE, A D (6442) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
 BECK, R L (3371) 2dMAW to 1stMarBri
 BEESON, C E (1391) ForTrps FMFLant to 1stMarBri
 BELL, R M (0141) MCAS Beaufort to HQMC FFT
 BELT, J F (3537) MCS Quant to 3d-MarDiv
 BENNINGTON JR., J A (3516) MCB CampLej to 1stMAW
 BENSON, E C (3049) MCB CampLej to 1st 10thRIFCo
 BERNER, T I (1169) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 BERNIER, J A (0141) 1st MCRD to FMFLant NorVa
 BLEMEL, J D (0171) 6th MCRD to MCS Quant
 BOLING, W R (1341) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv
 BRADMAN, E S (1169) 2dMarDiv to 2dMAW
 BRANNO, W J (0369) 1stMarBri to 1stMarDiv
 BREWER, E W (6413) 1stMAW to MCAS Albany
 BRONSON, R (0369) ForTrps FMF-RC to 1stMAW
 BROOKE, J F (7141) 1stMAW to ForTrps CampLej
 BROOKS, M E (3049) MCB CampLej to I-1 29thRIFCo
 BROWN, H R (6461) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
 BRUCE, J (6481) MAG-26 to 1stMAW
 BRYANT, M I (0369) I-1 78thRIFCo to 2dMarDiv
 BUSHONG, T R (6811) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
 CAIN, A S (1341) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv
 CAIRO, D E (5591) 1stMarDiv to MB NS SFran
 CANTRELL, L C (1345) MCAS Beaufort to 1stMAW
 CARTER, L (4111) H&SBn to 1stMarDiv
 CARTER, L J (3049) 1stMarBri to 2dMarDiv
 CASTEEL, E H (7041) 3dMAW to MAG-36
 CAUGHEY, L (0369) 9th MCRD to 2dMarDiv
 CAUL, C A (0141) 3dMarDiv to FMFLant NorVa
 CHAPMAN, F M (0141) I-1 23dRIFCo to 1stMAW
 CILLEY, H L (4111) MCS Quant to MCAS Beaufort
 COLOMBO, R A (6413) 1stMAW to Air-FMFPac Santa Ana
 CONOMIKES, P C (3371) 2dMAW to MCSC Albany
 CONSEY, E (3371) MCB CampPen to Camp Smith
 COREY, D J (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCRD SD
 COWAN, J R, H E (0141) 3dMarDiv to MARTD MARTC NAS Jax
 COX JR., H P (2721) MCRD SD to ForTrps 29 Palms
 CRAIG, C C (2131) I-1 8th75mmAAABtry to 3dMAW
 CRONIN, J J (0231) MAG-32 to 1stMarDiv
 CRONK, W (1341) ForTrps FMFLant to 1stMAW
 CROWDER, R J (3619) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CampLej
 DAILEY, P E (0369) HQMC to 2dMarDiv
 DAVIS, W R (3035) 3dMarDiv to MCSC Albany
 DE LARA, A J (1371) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms
 DEMARCO, M F (1371) ForTrps FMF-RC to 3dMarDiv
 DODGE, J M (0369) 1stMarBri to 1stMarDiv
 DUBOSE, T I (3241) MCSC Barstow to 1stMarDiv
 DUNCAN, R L (0369) MB NB Chass to 2dMAW
 DUNHAM, M E (2131) 1stMarDiv to MCRD SD
 EARL, R D (0349) MCRD SD to I-1 1stTkbn
 EDWARDS, C E (1841) MB WashDC to 3dMarDiv
 EDWARDS, J A (1371) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW
 EDWARDS, R A (3049) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 ELLISON, I-1 (6661) MCAS El Toro to 1stMAW
 ENGEL, F R (0369) MCB CampLej to MO USS Constellation
 ENGLEHART, J (1371) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms
 EPPLE, W H (3537) ForTrps FMFLant to I-1 6th105mmHowBn
 ERANCARBRACKE, E W (0369) 3dMarDiv to MB NAND Seal Beach
 FEENEY, G (0369) MD USS Ranger to 2dMAW
 FENLEY, F E (0141) 1stMarBri to 1stMAW
 FISHER, R J (0141) 1stMarDiv to 1stMAW
 FITZGERALD, B W (6761) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
 FLETCHER, C L (1371) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv
 FORD, J M (0141) I-1 2d155mmGunBtry to MCSC Barstow
 FOWLER, R A (3531) 3dMAW to 3d-MarDiv
 FRENG, C E (3049) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CampLej



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 GENTZ JR, S C (3311) 2dMAW to MC-RR SD
 GILDON, M S (1169) 3dMAW to Ist-MAW
 GLENN, D C (0369) 3dMAW to MD USS Ranger
 GOGO, E S (6413) 1stMAW to Air-FMFPac Santa Ana
 GOLDEN, H (0369) 2dMarDiv to MB Camp Lejeune
 GONOGA, H A (0171) MCS Quant to 9th MCRD
 GORDON, S L (2511) Camp Butler to ForTrps CamLej
 GRANT, D S K (0369) 2dMarDiv to IstMarDiv
 GRIFFIN, J A (1169) 3dMarDiv to MCB Camp Lejeune
 GUESS, G D (1341) MAG-32 to 1stMAW
 HARRIS, K L (3049) 3dMarDiv to 95th RRC
 HARRIS, R S (3051) 3dMarDiv to MCB Camp Lej
 HALLMAN JR, N C (6741) 2dMAW to IstMarBri
 HARMON, R W (2561) ForTrps FMFLant to Camp Smith
 HARPER, C D (1391) 3dMarDiv to 3d-MAW
 HEAN SR, H R (4631) MCAS Beaufort
 HEDGES, W C (0369) MCRD PI to I-I 25th RRC
 HENSON, I L (0369) MB Vallejo to Ist-MarDiv
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 HUNSEBHER, B (2111) MCRD PI to 3dMarDiv
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 JANEIRO, J (2639) 1stMarDiv to Ist-MAW
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 JOHNSON, C L (1391) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej
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 KACKIE, B W (3051) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 KILPATRICK, W B (0811) MCRD PI to 3dMarDiv
 KIRK, M (3051) 3dMarDiv to MCSC Barstow
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 LACY, G (0369) HQMC to 1stMarDiv
 LANGE, C B (6661) MAG-32 to 1stMAW
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 MCGALISTER, J C (1345) 3dMarDiv to MC-RR SD
 MCELVANY, G L (0369) MCRD PI to MAD NABTC NAS Pens
 MCINTOSH, J E (3537) ForTrps FMFLant to 1stMAW
 MCLAUGHLIN, L E (3537) 3dMAW to MarCor ColdWeaTrac
 MCOLGAN, C E (03051) 3dMarDiv to MCAS Camp Lejeune
 MCNYNE, D G (2511) 9th MCRD to 2dMarDiv
 MADDUX, R E (1371) 3dMarDiv to 3d-MAW
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 MAYER, R R (6811) MARTD MARC
 MILEY, C W (0369) MB NS SFran to I-I 45th RRC
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 MILLER, J W (0141) 3dMarDiv to MB NS Anna
 MYERS, H R (3211) 12th MCRD to 1stMarDiv
 NAFZIGER, J E (1391) 3dMarDiv to MAG-26
 NAGELIN SR, T F (6511) MCAS El Toro to 1stMarBri
 NAPOLITI, D A (6511) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
 NATION, C D (0369) MB NavSubB Nlon to 2dMarDiv
 NEILL, C D (0849) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
 NEIDERHAUSER, R E (6411) MCRD to 3dMAW
 O'CONNOR, C F (0141) HQMC to 1stMAW
 O'HARA JR, H R (1371) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms

PABEY, C R (0369) MCRD PI to I-I 7th RRC
 PADGETT, W L (3537) MCRD PI to I-I 5th RRC
 PARKER, F E (3049) MCSC Barstow to I-I 12th RRC
 PEAK JR, W L (2539) MB NB Chasn to 2dMarDiv
 PEARSON, R (3371) MB NB Phila to MAG-26
 PETERSON, B D (4131) MCAS El Toro to 1stMAW
 PHILLIPS, R (3371) MB NB Bklyn to 2dMarDiv
 PIERCE, C W (1811) ForTrps FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
 POHLMAN, D O (3041) Camp Butler to MCB Camp Pen
 POPE, N. J H (3049) 2dMAW to MCSC Albany
 POULIN, E G (2539) ForTrps FMFPac to MCRD SD
 PRATER JR, H C (1391) 3dMarDiv to MAG-32
 PRUITT, F (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCS Camp Lej
 REID, O D (1345) MCRD SD to 3d-MarDiv
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 STEVENS, D T (0369) MD USS Princeton to MCB Camp Pen
 SLAZAR, G (3081) AmEmb Saigon to 1stMAW
 SWETZER, W E (0141) I-I 10th RRC to 2dMAW
 SMITH, E J (0369) MCRD SD to Ist-MarDiv
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 SMITH, G E (3051) AmEmb Helsinki to MCB Camp Lej
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 SPARKS, C L (0171) MCAS CherP to 4th MCRD
 SPRENKLE, D E (3081) MCB CamLej to ForTrps 29 Palms
 SUMMER, F R (3361) 2dMarDiv to MCS Albany
 SUNDELL, R (3516) 1stMarDiv to Ist-SUN
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 TURNER, G B (0211) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms
 UNDERWOOD, R L (0111) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
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 WARD, R E (2543) ForTrps FMFLant to 1stMAW
 WASHINGTON, S (3051) 3dMarDiv to MCSC Barstow
 WATSON, T R (3121) MCAS Beaufort to 1stMAW
 WEBER, J E (0211) 3dMarDiv to 2d-MAW
 WEST, G S (3516) MCB CamLej to 1stMAW
 WILMOTT, D T (0171) MCS Quant to 11th MCRD
 WILEY, A J (6191) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro
 WILKINSON, A R (2111) MCSC Barstow to 3dMarDiv
 WISLON, J P (0121) MB NB Subic Bay to 3dMAW
 WOLFE, M (0369) MB FleActy Sasebo to 2dMarDiv
 WOOD, J S R (6412) 1stMAW to 2d-MAW
 WOODS, L (1141) 3dMAW to 1stMAW
 YAIKOW, J W (3516) Camp Butler to MCB Camp Lej
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BONNETT, R. F. GSgt
447134
BOWEN, C. J. SSgt
662085
BRODEUR, Harry SSgt
648209
BURNETTE, F. S. GSgt
349877
CARLSON, C. R. SSgt
561168
CARR, J. W. SSgt
640927
CROSTIC, R. E. GSgt
641339
CUMMINGS, G. D. SSgt
1174082
DUFFNER, D. E. GSgt
1048601
EDWARDS, L. B. MSgt
494991
ERLY, J. W. SSgt
1241770
ERSPAMER, J. P. MSgt
621759
FITZGIBBONS, W. J. GSgt
648581
GILSON, B. R., Jr. SSgt
1161689

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1131258
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1081810
HART, Noble GSgt
322440
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102261
HOWARD, Charles GSgt
887898
HORNE, D. M. SSgt
643565
HUMBERT, R. V. SSgt
1210869
HUNING, N. V. SSgt
1129276
HYATT, H. A. GSgt
648228
KAUS, E. J. SSgt
1030730
KNOOPP, G. W. SSgt
614181
LEE, F. A. SSgt
924347
LESSER, W. H. SSgt
1103289
MANDELKOW, D. W. GSgt
1204391
MATTHEWS, J. T., Jr.
GSgt 658556
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1097178
MC NABNEY, H. J. SSgt
632946

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1154712
OWEN, Raymond SSgt
1169608
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543535
PAYTON, D. G. GSgt
563198
PIGG, W. H. SSgt
615229
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1461153
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1085223
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1365183
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313881
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639800
TOMLIN, H. R. SSgt
655713
WALLACE, R. H. SSgt
657756
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END



"Yessiree, son, this critter will make a new woman of yore' maw!"

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NAVIGATION

[continued from page 43]

tains one of the finest assortments of maps and charts in the world, (more than 1900 of them) and they cover the entire globe. He has \$1500 sextants, and many expensive watches, chronometers, and other navigational items. Murray has an especially hard time keeping track of the Mark V sextant bag which bears a striking resemblance to a bowling bag....

Polar Navigation is also taught at the school, but not as a part of the routine curriculum. It is presented mostly to Naval and Marine navigators who will be going to the polar regions as part of "Operation Deep Freeze" or other related programs. Special training is required for polar navigation. SSgt Earnest Young said, "You can only go down when you're at the North Pole, and you can only go up when you're at the South Pole. In either event, you can't navigate with loran because there are no signals, and you can't use the compass because of the screwball magnetic pull."

Last year there were 14 Marine Corps navigators with "Operation Deep Freeze." All had been instructed at the school. This year, however, they'll be replaced, in part, by Naval navigators. During June of this year, the school instructed a class of new Navy navigators for polar duty.

Navigators are indoctrinated in everything concerned with transport life because the Marine Corps specializes in transport-type aircraft. This is another advantage of having an RSD for a classroom. Some of the flights made in the "D" will include 54 hours' flying time and 40 hours' layover, while others will consist of 56 hours' flying time with 88 hours' layover. These are the European and South American flights.

The instructors have an average of more than 2000 flight hours. This, however, ranges from a low of 1262 hours to the high of 7125 hours, held by MSgt Pittis.

By utilizing an individual instruction program rather than a rigid class program, the school has been able to cut the attrition rate from 60 percent to about 25 percent in the past two years.

It costs the government more than \$10,000 in pay and expenses to turn out a class of eight navigators. MSgt Murphy justifies it this way: "If we know that a single plane has been saved because of the skill with which these boys navigate, then this school has more than paid for itself."

[continued from page 43]

draftsman, painter, and pneumo. Subject trainees trade the print reorganized the app employed is convened program. The

O&R and personnel (on the tenance which craft. The students every si at a tir taught.

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OVERHAUL

[continued from page 49]

draftsman (aeronautical), machinist, painter, aircraft mechanic (motors), and pneumatics.

Subjects taught to all apprentice trainees are mathematics, science, trade theory, trade drawing and blueprint reading, English and industrial organization. Since 1950, 86 percent of the apprentice graduates are still employed in O&R. The first class was convened in 1947, and the schooling program boasts a very low attrition rate. The last class for military personnel commenced in August 1959.

O&R also trains, or helps train, Naval personnel in a six-month fleet program (on the job training) in special maintenance programs for the F3H Demon which covers every phase of the aircraft. This training is applicable to the students' rate only, and classes convene every six months with only one class at a time (about 25 students) being taught.

Extensive formal training for military personnel is of an on the job nature. Each person is moved around as much as possible in the O&R departments so that he (or she) will generally receive a wider range of training than the average employee. There are also some specialized training courses available to the Marines, for durations of one to three weeks.

Marine personnel reporting for duty with O&R Department are joined by the Overhaul and Repair Squadron (or WMD-2) which becomes their permanent outfit. Once they are checked in, interviewed, briefed and oriented, they are sent to MSgt Carl F. Long, Control Man, who interviews, briefs and orients them with the O&R Department. The men are then assigned to duties as closely related to their MOS as possible. Each person must then assume the responsibility of a certain amount of briefing and instruction on his own.

In addition to their duties on the job, the Marines also pull 60 days of Security Duty each year. When on Security Duty, it is their responsibility to check persons in-and-out of the Department, and to furnish walking sentries for all of the major buildings of the Department.

Tours of duty with O&R range from a minimum of one year to three years.

One might get the impression that Cherry Point's O&R Department is of a select nature—and he'd be correct. Of eight O&Rs in the Naval Service, the Marine Corps has only one—Cherry Point Overhaul and Repair.

END

Gyrene Gyngles

Mugwumps

I was saying good night to my sweetie,
She said, "Now you get this thing straight.
The next time you come out to see me,
Please bring little sister a date."

So I found her sister a boy friend,
And was thinking how happy they'd be.
But after she met him, she whispered,
"He looks like a mugwump to me."

Don't ever find dates for a sister,
For on it your friendship depends.
You're walking right back of the eight ball,
And here's how the thing always ends.

Now sister has married the mugwump,
And they live in a house by the sea.
They have a whole house full of mugwumps,
And he blames the whole thing on me.

Pete Dilley

Become a Man

Say there lad, are you feeling blue, cause
your girl has left you,
And you don't know what to do?
Did she call you a weakling, and tell you
to git.
Well don't just sit there, do something
about it.

See your recruiter, he'll show you the ways,
To become a man in about 90 days.
From boot camp you'll graduate as a
Marine,

A walkin', talkin', fightin' machine.

No, it's not easy to do this thing,
For you to become a fighting Marine.
But you can do it, I know you can,
To win this girl, and become a man.

The pace is rugged, and the training is
rough,
It'll build you up, and make you tough.
You'll have to work hard, and you'll have
to hustle.
But it will turn you into a mountain of
muscle.

Then no more will you have to crawl,
For you'll fear no man—large or small.
She'll love only you, this girl of your
dreams,
And you owe it all to the U. S. Marines.

James W. O'Dell

Joining Up

Son, I hear you're joining up,
Just like me when I was a pup.
Your mother told me, and she's glad,
You chose the Marines, just like your dad.

The Corps will make a man of you,
Muscle and brawn, plus knowledge too.
Yes son, I'm proud you'll be a Marine.
But wait ten years, least 'til you're eighteen!

S. N. Swift

My Son

Have you seen my son?
He's the Marine they must have styled
the uniform for.
Have you seen my son?
He's the spirit, the valor, the steel of
"Esprit de Corps."

Have you seen my son?
He has eyes of blue, hair like corn.
Have you seen my son?
God smiled graciously on us the day he
he was born.

Have you seen my son?
He's the typical All-American boy.
Have you seen my son?
He's a combination of mother's dreams
and "Peck's Bad Boy."

You may have seen him at home or afar,
For he keeps the peace and fights the
war.
If you've seen him you know what I mean,
He has the face of a boy, but the proud
eyes of a Marine.

Lee Flanery

Words of Praise

Oh, here's to all you Leathernecks,
Let's give 'em hell, Marines.
You've won our country's victories
On many combat scenes.

In peacetime too, your fame is great,
Throughout this nation wide.
You've been our fearless guardian,
In air, on land and tide.



In uniform, you seem so proud;
You stand so straight and tall.
We gaze upon your solemn smile—
You're brave men, one and all.

Yes, you're our own bold Leathernecks;
With you, we'll always stand.
We'll pray for you and for your Corps,
So please, protect our land.

Charles D. Hale
END



IF I WERE COMMANDANT

Checks for \$25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. Leatherneck will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Write your suggestions in the form of a double-spaced typewritten letter of not more than 300 words, and mail to Leatherneck, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Be sure to include your name, rank, and service number. Letters cannot be acknowledged or returned.

By order of the Commandant of the Marine Corps, all the letters on these pages will be screened by the Policy Analysis Division, and staff action will be initiated on those of possible merit.

In cases where ideas or material have obvious merit and reflect real effort, the cognizant agency will prepare an appropriate personal letter to the contributor or correspondent.

compete, this same training would be available to them.

This would afford team captains and coaches the opportunity to observe more prospective competitive shooters for the Corps. Especially the young first-term Marines who only qualified as marksmen during recruit training, possibly firing for record during bad weather or other conditions beyond their control

This change would enable the young Marine, during competition tryouts, all the advantages of expert advice and training. Without question, the Corps would discover some new, younger talent. More so, this would increase the field of competitors and thus the spirit of competition.

This not only would give all qualified shooters a chance to represent their unit in competition, but the experience would enhance the entire Marine Corps' marksmanship program.

MGySgt Wilmot H. Wolf
432200

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant of the Marine Corps, I would change the requirements of MCO 3591.2D (Competition in Arms Program) to allow all personnel who qualify with the service rifle to compete at division and lower tryouts.

The program now requires a sharpshooter qualification and, prior to competition, personnel spend at least a month in preparation. During this month, much valuable training is available but only to sharpshooters and above. If personnel of marksmanship qualification were allowed to

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would take measures to correct the inequity between the order on physical fitness (MCO 6100.3B) and the order on marksmanship training (MCO 3574-2).

Present directives state that if a Marine is 36 or over, he is not required to fire the rifle annually for requalification. However, the new Marine Corps Order on physical fitness and weight control states that Marines under 40 must be able to perform the tests outlined in the order.

Other Marines will no doubt have differences of opinion, but speaking for myself, I can shoot the rifle all day, any day. Doing these physical readiness tests is another thing again. To me, there is no comparison.

Therefore, since the age for physical fitness training is 40, I feel the age for rifle qualification should be the same.

GySgt Paul E. Lamneck
579427

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would order another supplement to Marine Corps Order 11245, which would require installation of safety belts in all Marine Corps vehicles.

I am a 3516, with a secondary of 3531, and I am one of two wrecker drivers for my outfit. Today, our wrecker was called out to a one-truck accident where the driver apparently lost control and plunged off a 40-foot embankment. The truck he was driving was an M-52, five-ton dump truck loaded with gravel. The truck rolled over and ended up on its side. The driver was thrown out of the cab and pinned beneath the headache board. . . .

I sincerely believe that in an accident such as this, if the driver had been held in his seat, he would have escaped with minor injuries at the most. This is where the seat belts would have come in because they would have held him in his seat. There is no telling how many lives that may have been saved, or how many critical injuries that could have been avoided by the required installation of seat belts. In my short time in the Marine Corps, I have seen the after-

effects of several accidents in which the belts would have proved to be a valuable asset to several people.

We are constantly being lectured on traffic safety and the installation and use of such safety items and yet, in spite of this, the Marine Corps still doesn't have them.

Most of all, why don't these drivers of ours quit giving accidents places to happen?

LCpl Charles O. Blanchard
1872902

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would authorize a board to study theories from the field concerning new organizational plans for the future Marine rifle platoon.

With the advent of new high potential weapons, the present offensive/defensive tactical concept of the platoon is in for a revolutionary change. In the future, the Corps will be able to field a harder hitting, more versatile team.

Will we stick to the out-dated sys-

tem of a four-man fire team, three-fire team squad? I believe we could, and will, with slight deviations. For example, I submit an idea for the organization of the future rifle platoon.

(Chart I)

Sticking basically to the old system, I would make the following changes:

1. Add two XM-79s and one LAW to each platoon.

2. Have two, five-man fire teams per squad.

3. Two M-14s (Mod) per fire team.

4. A grenadier section per squad.

The platoon would be armed as follows:

PltLdr and PltSgt—SMG and pistols

Sqd and fire team leaders—M-14s

12 Riflemen—M-14s

12 Riflemen—M-14s (Mod)

LAW Carrier—LAW and pistol

XM-79 Carriers—XM-79s and pistols

Ass't XM-79 and LAW Carriers—M-14s

Following this outline, the platoon

would have two SMG, five pistols, two XM-79s, one LAW, 24 M-14s and 12 M-14s (Mod).

The advantage of the increased fire power, three additional fully automatic weapons (M-14 Mod), two XM-79s and one LAW (XM-72), would be overwhelming.

When executing an envelopment, a base of fire could be established with one squad, less two riflemen (one M-14, (Mod) and one M-14). These two riflemen would be shifted to the assault force, and integrated with the XM-79 Carrier, his assistant, the LAW Carrier, and his assistant, to form an assault force grenadier section. (See Charts II and III).

Sgt Martin H. Handelsman
1580146

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant of the Marine Corps, I would either establish a primary MOS for Infantry Operations Chiefs and Operations Assistants or establish a standard tour of duty for these billets.

Currently, these billets are filled by personnel in the infantry field. Usually, these personnel have no experience and must be trained thoroughly. Since they hold primary MOS's in the infantry field, they are subject to transfer or other assignment of duty at any time. This situation has increased considerably since the introduction of transplacement battalions whose infantry requirements are demanding. Thus we have an unstable billet where continuous training of personnel is necessary. This presents a serious problem to the operations section of any unit.

Due to the specific requirements of these billets and the length of time involved in training an efficient operations man, a very serious situation exists.

Inasmuch as the operations section is the quarterback of any combat unit, it is essential that trained personnel spend a standard tour of duty to insure proper, efficient and continuous functioning within the section.

By establishing either a primary MOS or a standard tour of duty, I would eliminate a problem and help establish efficient operations sections throughout the Marine Corps, thus increasing the combat effectiveness of our force-in-readiness.

MGySgt Wilmot H. Wolf
432200



CAMEL

[continued from page 53]

twenty dollars. Flint reached for his wallet. Henfield contributed five dollars. Nails came up with three-fifty. Flint evened out the amount. Crest-fallen, but proud, the camels, singers and entrepreneurs returned to the barracks.

"It was a good try," said Borowski. "Humbug," said Flint.

"Gunny," said Capt. Pierce Phillips the next morning at 0800, "this is Wednesday. Those camels are still cluttering up this Naval Station. I am giving you twenty-four hours to get rid of them. That's an order!"

"Yes, Sir," said Flint. "But . . ."

The phone rang. The captain picked it up. "Who?" he said. "Gunner Sergeant Flint?" He turned to Flint. "Since when," he asked, "do you use my office for a clearing house for your personal phone calls?" He handed the receiver to the Gunny.

"Sergeant Flint?" asked a business-like voice.

"Yes."

"I understand you have available three camels, along with costumed Wise Men?"

"Yes," said the Gunny.

"I'm arranging our regular Christmas parade for the kiddies," said the voice. "As you know, each year, the Brown and Bagley Department store stages this extravaganza in the public interest. We'd like to rent your camels, complete with riders in costume, for the parade. We are prepared to pay you forty dollars each for the camels and riders."

"Could you make that fifty?"

"I think it could be arranged."

"It's a deal. Where and when do you want the camels?"

"Main and Elm Streets, tomorrow morning at ten."

"There's one little detail, Sir," said Flint. "We'll need permits to ride the city streets."

"I'll arrange it and send them out to you at nine in the morning. . . ."

Flint handed the receiver back to the captain. "That," he said, "is it. The camels will be West Coast-bound tomorrow afternoon."

"They'd better be," said Capt. Phillips.

"What about Elsie?" asked Flint as they donned the Wise Men robes and glued on the false whiskers.

"She's in love with me," said Henfield. "I've trained her to carry me around the post without so much as a hee-haw. By the way, how come we're riding these camels in the parade? Why not a couple of PFC's?"

"Because," said Flint, "I don't want anything to go wrong."

Ten minutes after the parade started, Elsie bit a spectator along the parade route. The spectator settled out of court for one hundred and fifty dollars.

"We've had it," said Borowski that evening in the Staff Club.

"Not yet," said Flint, his eyes alive with defiance. "Off the post before the IG," the old man said. An' that just gives me an idea. We're gonna use that IG to our advantage. . . ."

"How?"

"We're gonna spread a little rumor . . . Find O'Leary, Smith and Reynolds."

"What's on your mind, Gunny?" Borowski asked, after Henfield had taken off in quest of the three other sergeants.

"You know what we gonna do with them camels, Nails?" We gonna sell 'em to Captain Pierce Phillips. . . ."

The following morning, the men beat their gums loud and long as they made early preparations for the coming IG. A new rumble had been added. Not only the usual Inspector General once-over with a magnifying glass, but there would be another wrinkle in the poncho—the Inspector General would, it was rumored, be accompanied by the Commandant of a new African Republic. By noon, everyone on the station had heard the news.

Capt. Pierce Phillips slammed his fist on his desk and bellowed at his First Sergeant. "There must have been a memorandum! What did you do with it?"

"I'm sorry, Sir," said First Sergeant O'Malley, "I haven't seen any memorandum, letter or directive that mentioned a guest coming along on the inspection with the IG."

"There must have been! Everybody on the post knows about it! Everybody, that is, but me. Find that memo, or whatever it is, or you'll regret that you ever walked into this office!"

"Flint," O'Malley wailed to the Gunny at the Staff Mess, "I been in this Corps twenty-two years and never, never have I lost a memo. . . . What am I gonna do?"

"Find it," said Flint consolingly, "Go back and check your desk carefully. It must be there someplace. . . ."

Borowski came through the door, walked over to the table and nodded to Flint. "What's for chow?" he asked.

After lunch, O'Malley walked disconsolately back to his office, sat at his desk and half-heartedly ruffled the papers in his basket. Suddenly a distinctive headquarters note caught his eye. He glanced at the printed words on the piece of paper and his spirits soared. It was unsigned and the writing was informal. It mentioned the fact that an unexpected turn of affairs had left the IG with a guest, the Commandant of

the Yikatawa African Marine Corps, who would make the inspection with him. The note further suggested that some sort of ceremony and perhaps an unofficial gift from the Commanding Officer might be in order.

"Where," Capt. Pierce Phillips snarled, "did you find this?"

"Must have been in my basket all along," O'Malley said weakly.

"Do you realize what this carelessness of yours has cost me? Today is Thursday, and I have only today and tomorrow to dream up a gift for the African Commandant. O'Malley, you better get smart and start thinking. We must present him with something suitable. Something he will be able to use. Something he can use in Africa. Not a trinket. Not a. . . . Do you realize that what I give him will have to be outstanding? It will have to be different. It will have to show imagination. . . . Get out of here and think. Ask around. Get suggestions from the men."

O'Malley sought out Flint.

"A gift. . . ." Flint mused. "Now isn't that just like the Marine Corps?"

"Yeah. A gift. You think of one."

"You mean the Marine Corps hasn't thought this all out already?"

"It's supposed to be something from the captain. Personal like."

"You mean, the old man's gotta buy it?"

"That's about it. . . ."

"I got an idea. . . ." Flint said softly. Then he shook his head. "Naw, the old man'd never go for it. Too way out. . . ."

"What is it?" O'Malley pleaded.

"No, you'd think I was psycho. . . ."

"Flint, I'm desperate. Gimme something to go on."

"Well, I was thinking. . . . A new republic in Africa could sure use three healthy, trained, handsome camels. We could get 'em all cleaned up, pick up three camel saddles and the good captain would have nothing to worry about. Ain't no other post in the Corps could make the African Commandant a present of three animals that'd be useful in his own country. . . ."

"I'll do it!" said Capt. Pierce Phillips. "Get Flint!"

"But Captain," said Gunny Flint, "we've got money tied up in those camels. We've been buying feed. . . ."

"All right! All right! How much do you want for them?"

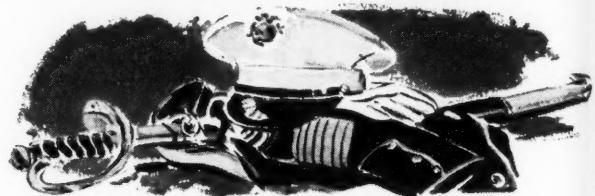
"Well," Flint pondered a moment, "seeing as how it would cost us a hundred and fifty to send them to the coast, we could let you have them for twenty-five dollars each."

"And the saddles?"

"I think I could dig up three at about ten dollars each. There's always a couple of guys who are hard up. . . ."

"Flint, (continued on page 79)

Once a Marine...



EACH MONTH Leatherneck will publish the names of officer and enlisted personnel who are retired from the Marine Corps. Newsworthy items concerning retired personnel will also be published. Names of retired personnel are furnished by the Separation and Retirement Branch, HQMC, and are not to be considered as orders to retirement or transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Compiled by Cpl Daniel Lang

Dateline: MCRD, Parris Island,
September 30.

Event: The first retirement ceremony in the history of Parris Island's Woman Marine Recruit Training Battalion.

Lieutenant Colonel Elsie E. Hill, Battalion CO, stood straight and proud before the crisp ranks of Women Marines.

MSgt Deering stepped forward to receive the retirement papers. As the sergeant came to attention, LtCol Hill made a quick inspection.

Cap—squared away. Ribbons—straight and clean. Shoes—shined brightly. Trousers . . . Trousers?

No distaff devildog, this!

The sergeant's full name is MSgt David J. Deering—a male Marine who has been mess sergeant of the Women Marines' messhall since 1960.

MSgt Deering enlisted in the Marine Corps as a private in Savannah, Ga. In just 26 months he had attained the rank of master sergeant.

No stranger to history-making events, MSgt Deering participated in the Iwo Jima Campaign during WW II, and, along with a group of friends, (commonly called the First Marine Division) he took part in the Seoul, Wonsan, Hungnam and Chosin Reservoir Campaigns during the Korean Conflict.

Before reporting to the Women Marines' messhall, he served with Food Branches at Camp Lejeune, N. C., Brunswick, Ga.; Pearl Harbor, Hawaii; Kobe, Japan and three times with other battalions at Parris Island.

MSgt Deering, his wife, the former Miss Lissian J. Smith, and their six children plan to make their home in Columbia, S.C.



MSgt David J. Deering received his retirement papers from LtCol Elsie E. Hill.

Placed on Retired List

ALLEN, Robert V.
ANDERSON, Robert L.
BOURGEOIS, Henry M.
CHRISTIE, Wesley R.
COOK, Howard E.
HEMINGWAY, Ernest R.
MOREHEAD, Robert A.
PANKHURST, Paul L.
PARKER, George K.
SCHROEDER, Charles L.
SKINNER JR., John
SWARTLEY, John N.
GILMORE, Richard G.
HAUGE JR., Oscar C.
LENFFER, Guenther W.
SMITH, Gordon N.
ALLEMANN, James G.
DERMAKO, Louis L.
HANSEN, Harold V.
HARVEY, Milwood C.
SULLIVAN, John J.
SWANN, Clarence R.
TERRY, Robert A.
VANDERBECK, Jack L.
VITTIOT, James A.
WOOD, Carl "J."
WAYNE, James H.
AMOS, William H.
GIBBON, Edward E.
TIMMS, Joseph H.
WESSON, Walter T.
SPRAGUE, Lee N.

SHOOP, William G.
TURNER, Walter W.
BERCKMANS JR, Bruce
BOND JR, George C.
JOHNSON, Addison L.

(30 years)

Transferred to Fleet M

SgtMaj
KLAR, William E. 264184
MC CUINE, Charles E. 322207
WINGATE, Harry B. 240998

See E

QUINN, Joseph J. 319955
RICHESON, Bud C. 333748

MGySgt

BULLARD, Edwin	256107
CARTER, Jack V.	312381
DEAN, Bernard B.	306608
GRIFFITH, James H.	295534
ROBB, Clarence H.	276494
WALDORF, Morris	381390

**Placed on Temporary Disability
Retired List**

MSgt

ANDERSON, Charles W.	331812	357
BATDORFF, Karl Q.	251950	0369
COLE, Norris J.	345131	0369
DANKOSKI, Eddie E.	320643	0369
DEERING, David J.	349980	3371
DOLAN, Robert J.	367874	3121
DUNN, Russell B.	371325	3071
FARMER, Robert C.	310524	6461
FERNANDEZ JR, Elbert H.	382783	6481
FRANK JR, Nevio H.	321192	6741
GALLIS, John A.	318561	6412
GARBUS, Michael A.	370472	1401
HUDZINA, Steve R.	292067	0141
HUTCHINSON, William J.	651818	1349
JOHNSON, Charles M.	360753	0369
MACDONALD, James V.	268367	3537
MC ELWAINE, Melvin J.	374213	6481
MANNIS, Roy L.	339301	3361
OLSEN, Jack R.	346984	6761
OSENDOTT, Jackie F.	316429	0369
PERRIGO, William J.	338936	4029
PETERS, Robert W.	319285	1349
RENTZ, Roscoe W.	309658	0369
RTCHEY, Glenn B.	370319	4312
ROSKOM, James R.	319013	6641
RUSSELL, Edward F.	359444	6511
RUTHERFORD, John W.	321558	0369
SHELTON JR, Francis E.	321727	0141
TAYLOR, Phillip J.	335099	0141
THOMAS, Bill J.	349600	3061
WALKER, Arthur C.	370411	3049
WALKER, Sewell E.	294767	1381
WEINMANN JR, Arnold G.	380921	6611
WILLIAMS, Richard E.	277073	2741
WILLIAMSON III, Alfred R.	362185	0141

GySgt

SOBER, John R.	383012	0369
BOYD, Donald F.	382951	7113
BURKE JR, Wesley I.	312001	2311
COOPER, Wesley C.	345004	2111
CRUMBACKER JR, Jesse L.	332207	0141
DEIMEL, Edward L.	370629	3049
ELLIOTT, James K.	338850	1169
EMERY, Edward	383225	6412
ENO, Joseph E.	268851	3371
HILL JR, John L.	1078873	3619
HINKLE, Walter M.	273319	2171
LEICHLITER, Walter E.	359207	3371
MORRIS, Harold W.	309463	6511
MYERS, Leslie C.	365323	1841
NEWMAN, Jack W.	314662	3537
POSEY, Liston R.	337496	1833
RICHARDS, David G.	276551	0369
ROSENBAUM, Merrill W.	250157	3049
SIX, Everett C.	303300	3371
STEPHENS, Homer K.	340975	3049
TOMORY, Louis "A"	295681	3371
TRINEMEYER, Charles W.	371731	6511
VANDERPOOL, "J" "C"	345630	1841
WARREN, Harold G.	355116	3516
WILLS, Arthur D.	316394	0369

SSgt

ARNOLD, Ernest S.	278381	3371
GILLION, Leroy E.	367953	3371
JACKSON, William E.	329365	3371
BAGLAND, Shelby V.	303076	3371
RASCOE, Willis L.	274550	3371
UGARTE JR, Pascual	340729	0369
WILSON, James M.	342130	3516

Placed on Temporary Disability Retired List**1stSgt**

SIEFKIN, Augustus E.	318143	9999
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MSgt

BOWMAN, Andrew J.	316375	3071
CARDOZO, Oscar	391911	2529
GURNOE, Leo A.	309720	2741
HORTON, Charles W.	256853	6413
JACKSON, Joseph H.	294421	3061
JAKUBZAK, Chester M.	278142	3049
KELLY, David S.	295154	2639
LE BARRON, Lawrence C.	505858	6511
LYNCH, Donald J.	644059	0369
MCKEE, Robert A.	231222	0141
NELSON, Lavern W.	313225	6481
PEARSON, Joseph B.	350699	2529

GySgt

CHESLAK, John N.	284848	0141
LEE, Thomas C.	318908	0141

SSgt

DUENNING, Jack F.	422798	2741
LEWIS JR, Levi	1139216	0431
MC DANIEL, Winford M.	369904	4313
MUNS, Duane H.	640521	3516
STUBBLEFIELD, Odie B.	1100104	3311

END

LIVE AGAIN

[continued from page 37]

captured by a first lieutenant who started out being real friendly. He escorted us to his headquarters, which was in the shade, under what was left of an old house. Everything was going fine until he decided to go through our personal effects. When he got to the picture of the Japanese girl in Sloan's wallet he got real nasty. He pulled out a revolver, took out all but one of the rounds, spun the cylinder and held the muzzle up to Sloan's head.

I almost fainted but the hammer clicked on an empty chamber. He spun it again and held it up to my head but I was too numb to care. The game went on for another five minutes and then a runner came in and spoke to the lieutenant. He took us down to the road, pointed toward bottomside, and bowed to us. We went on our way.

"What kind of hand gun was that he had?" Sloan asked. "It was a good looking piece."

"I'm no gun nut," I said bitterly, "and I never will be one. Ain't that guy never heard anything about safety precautions?"

We never did hear why that lieutenant let us go so suddenly and I didn't ever have any inclination to go back and ask.

The rest of the way down wasn't exactly a breeze but we made it. At Malinta Tunnel a hydrant was running and we paused to fill our canteens. A little farther down the road we came to a long line of *Horios* herded along by several Japanese. They had containers of every type with them. It was evident the crying need at 92d Garage was for water.

The Garage was several acres in size. Flat, mostly concrete, it reflected the hot tropical sun. Thousands of Amer-

ican and Filipino prisoners were crowded into the space. One strand of barbed wire was strung loosely around the area and Japanese guards with fixed bayonets were spaced about every hundred yards. We walked by a guard at what we supposed was the main gate and he didn't even ask to see our credentials. Right then we knew we should have listened to the Japanese captain.

We were looking for someone to report to, when we heard someone yell.

"Sergeant Sloan . . . Sergeant Chipmunk . . ."

It was the Field Music.

"Where's the C.P.?" we asked him. "Who do we report to?"

"There's no C.P. . . nobody to report to . . . I think the 'Top' is dead and nobody's seen the captain . . . everybody's over here."

We moved over and the outfit was in rough shape. The Japanese had herded them down en masse with long pauses in the hot sun. They had no food and very little water in 48 hours. We had been on a picnic!

Sloan got the Music started to rigging shelter with ponchos and I went around to the worst cases. Bozo Dunnigan was lying still as death, his face like putty. I didn't have a handkerchief so I tore off a piece of my skivvy shirt and wet it with water from one of my canteens. I swabbed his face with it and after soaking it again I forced open his teeth and jammed the cloth between them so it would drip into his mouth.

By sundown, things were fairly well organized. Bozo was set up in a shelter against a clay bank and was making out a muster roll. Sloan had collected all the chow and cigarettes and had established a supply dump. John Zimba and Ernie Bales were guarding it. Everyone was under shelter and there was a fire going. Sloan and I sat, backs propped up against the clay bank, and I felt pretty good about it. But not Sloan.

"We're out of water," he said, "and all we got to eat are Vienna sausages and 'C' rations . . . heavy in salt content . . . light in liquids. By noon tomorrow everybody will be raving maniacs."

There was one well next to what was left of the main motor pool building. I asked about it.

"They drained it this morning . . . it's been coming back in pure salt."

"There's a water detail going out tomorrow morning at 0800, we can get some men on it."

"I already got Stefanski in charge of that. Webber, Allender, and Musick are going with him . . . each one is gonna carry 12 canteens, but they're



LIVE AGAIN (cont.)

never going to make it to Malinta tunnel unless they have a drink or two before they set out."

We smoked in silence but it didn't taste so good with our parched throats. Suddenly Sloan snapped his fingers.

"Come on," he grunted, "Let's get some canteens."

I thought he'd flipped and was ready to swish a net over him, but I should have known better.

"This is the motor pool," he explained. "All those wrecked vehicles standing around have all got radiators . . . what is in radiators?"

"What . . . !?" I breathed . . . "cool, cool, water!"

We had to move carefully over and around the sleeping thousands, all thirsty too. By morning our fingers were sore and our knuckles were torn and bleeding from opening the rusted drain cocks of the automobile radiators . . . but we had 12 canteens of water.

"Red with rust . . . but rich in iron!" was the way Sloan put it.

We got our water detail off that morning with a full canteen apiece and rat-holed the other 10 canteens for emergencies. It was well we did. Refugees from the company and battalion kept floating in. All of them needed water.

The lieutenant came in . . . he was beat. The Japanese had had him on a burial detail for three days. The captain came in . . . the Japanese had had him showing them where all of our trip mines were located on the beach. We took care of them.

Everybody was in bad shape at 1400, so Sloan rationed out the rest of the water. Then we waited for the water detail to come back. It was hell-hot. The lieutenant said he knew where a big chow dump was located out on Monkey point . . . nobody was interested.

Then about 1600 we saw a cloud of dust and knew the water detail was coming back. Sloan immediately kicked some men up. A dozen were picked to guard the company perimeter . . . we took another six down to guard our water detail back to the area.

In they came . . . we had to fight our way to the mob at the gate to get

our detail but we made it. The stout Stefanski had managed to pick up two five-gallon tins and had them balanced on each end of a pole he carried over one shoulder. They were full of water as well as the 12 canteens he carried, also strung on the pole.

Everybody got a good slug of water, chatter started up and the troops started to move around. Four of them came up to the lieutenant and asked about the chow dump and, right after dark, they moved out between two of the sentries. They were back in an hour with sacks loaded with chow and cigarettes.

Late that night, surfeit with food, canned peaches and "C" Ration coffee, we sat around and talked about what we would do when the "Yanks and the Tanks" came. We were starting to live again.

I lay under a poncho shelter with my head cushioned on a piece of driftwood, enjoying a last smoke when Sloan came back. He had been visiting sentries. He kicked me gently before he turned in.

"You see," he said softly, "you worried for nothing. Nobody has asked you for your serial number yet!" END

OOPS!



TWENTY YEARS AGO

[continued from page 29]

few clumsy strokes, he began to flounder helplessly in the oily water. Grabbing him again, Darling finally towed him safely to shore.

Five months later Cpl Willard Darling stood at rigid attention while the Commander-In-Chief, Pacific, pinned the Navy Cross on his well-pressed khaki shirt.

Another Marine from the *Oklahoma* to win the nation's second highest award was Sgt Thomas E. Hailey. Having stood the midwatch, Hailey was asleep in the Marine Quarters on the third deck when general quarters sounded. The alarm brought him out of his bunk standing up. He was reaching for a pair of pants when the crash of the first torpedo shook the ship. Forgetting about his pants, the sergeant raced for his battle station.

Hailey never reached his post. While he was still scrambling up ladders, he heard the word passed to abandon ship. Reaching the tilting main deck, he took one hurried look around and dove over the rail. Splashing frantically to push back the thick scum of oil that poured from the stricken ship, he swam over to the *Maryland*, found a line hanging over the side, and pulled himself topside.

As he helped several others aboard by the same route, Sgt Hailey spotted an unmanned anti-aircraft gun. Rallying a pick-up crew from among his dripping, oil-smeared *Oklahoma* shipmates, he soon had the gun blasting away at the diving planes.

But not for long.

A shattering bomb explosion ripped through the *Maryland*'s quarter deck, wiping out half of Hailey's gun crew. Seconds later, a searing blast of flame and acrid smoke from one of the ships blowing up astern drove the Marine from his adopted gun. Once again Sgt Hailey plunged into Pearl Harbor—this time into a sea of flaming oil.

Thrashing wildly to beat back the leaping flames, he started for shore. He had moved only a few yards when his churning legs banged into something solid. It was a steel suction pipe, about four feet below the surface, running from a harbor dredge to the beach. Splashing a pathway through the burning oil, Hailey walked his way to Ford Island.

Two hours later he was back in action. When the call went out at the Naval Air Station for volunteers for a dangerous mission, Sgt Hailey stepped forward—still clad in his oil-soaked underwear. One of the Navy pilots was

taking an unarmed observation plane aloft and needed a rear seat passenger who was an expert rifleman. Hailey armed himself with an '03, buckled on a parachute and climbed aboard for a five-hour fruitless search for the Japanese fleet.

It had been a busy day for Tom Hailey, who had achieved the rare distinction of winning the Navy Cross, clad only in his skivvies.

The attack on Pearl Harbor lasted 110 flaming minutes. Droning above the dive bombers and torpedo planes, the high altitude bombers sent their death-laden loads whistling down with deadly accuracy. Explosion after explosion rocked the harbor as the bombs smashed into the fire-shrouded ships.

The entries on the honor roll of valor were legion.

MGySgt Charles E. Douglas accounted for two enemy planes. Refusing to obey orders to abandon his fire-enveloped battle station, he kept his guns firing until the barrels burned out—the metal fused.

Cpl Joe R. Driskell, wounded in both legs, the uniform blasted from his body, staggered from his destroyed gun to man another, refusing to join the wounded.

Major Alan Shapley, his ship blasted apart beneath him, struggling to save his own life, braved the deadly hail of strafing planes and falling bombs to rescue Cpl Earl Nightingale from certain death in the flaming harbor.

There were countless others. As it was to be said of another battle yet to come, "uncommon valor was a common virtue." Many were the deeds erased from memory in the searing holocaust, gone forever in the drifting smoke that swirled across the canefields and up the green slopes above Aiea.

Before the attack was half an hour old, the Japanese had accomplished their objective. They had smashed the Battle Force of the Pacific Fleet.

By 0825, the *Arizona* was a burning wreck. The *West Virginia* had sunk. The *Oklahoma* capsized. The *California* was sinking and the *Nevada* was wrapped in flames.

By 0945, three cruisers, three destroyers, a seaplane tender, mine layer and repair ship had been added to the toll.

Circling high above the dense clouds of swirling smoke, Cdr Mitsuo Fuchida made a final check and headed for the rendezvous point. He had lost 29 planes and 55 men. For 2403 Americans—112 of them Marines—it was the last Sunday.

Opening his key, Fuchida began to tap the code word for a successful attack . . . "tora . . . tora . . . tora (tiger)."

War had come to the Pacific.

END

CAMEL

[continued from page 75]

you're a gangster, but I'll go along with you on this. Get the saddles. . . ."

Saturday morning dawned brilliantly on a shining post. Most resplendent of all were Elsie, Zachini and Haneford. They were tied up behind the maintenance shed, their light leather saddles gleaming in the early sun.

The arrival of the IG at nine o'clock, however, brought a note of disappointment. He was not accompanied by the African Commandant.

"What African Marine Commandant?" asked the IG, when Capt Phillips mentioned the expected guest.

Capt Phillips immediately dropped the subject.

The inspection went well. At the maintenance shed, the General said, "Always like to walk around a building like this. The back is a lot more important than the front. You can always tell. . . ." He stopped abruptly, stared at the three splendid beasts, then at the captain. "What in blazes are those things doing here?" he stormed.

Capt Pierce Phillips took a deep breath. "They were," he said, almost defiantly, "to have been a present for the African Commandant who was to have accompanied you."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the General, "but if there had been an African Commandant, it would have been a fine gesture. Captain, you are to be congratulated on your resourcefulness, ingenuity and forethought. I'll not forget this part of my visit when I make up my reports."

"Thank you, General," said the captain.

At 1530, GySgt Monk Flint stood before Capt Phillips.

"Flint," the captain was saying, "I don't know how you did it, and if things hadn't turned out as well as they did, I'd have you court-martialed. Now, about those camels. . . ."

"They're all yours, Captain. You've paid for them. If you don't want them, there's a circus, playing just outside San Francisco. They'll take them if you pay the hundred and fifty dollar shipping charges. . . . On the other hand, they add a sort of distinction to the post. Why not keep them?"

"Flint, I think you've got something. They do add distinction. We'll keep them. . . ."

Capt Phillips' phone jangled and he picked it up.

"Yes, Admiral?" he said.

"Phillips," said the Admiral, "I'll give you just twenty-four hours to get those damned camels off my station. . . ."

END

SPORT SHORTS

by GySgt George Cushman

Two young Marines serving with the Second Division have given a shot in the arm to the dwindling interest in a sport that once vied for top spot in the field of Winter athletics.

Cpls Gary Sheffield and Jerry Tennant are presently in the enviable position of being the Number One two-man bobsled team in the United States, and among most of the experts in the field, they are considered to be top prospects to bring the World title to the States during competition in Switzerland in February.

The Marine duo has come a long way since the evening, two years ago, when Tennant introduced himself to Sheffield in the barracks at Camp Lejeune. Sheffield was born in the heart of bobsled territory, Lake Placid, N. Y., and Tennant, who was born and raised in West Virginia, was fascinated by the stories of hurtling down an icy slope at speeds up to 60 mph.

After accepting an offer to visit Sheffield's home town during the Fall of 1959, Tennant had nothing to do but build up his courage for his first trip down a bobsled run. The two took their first trip down the course which is used for all championship meets in this country—the Mount Van Hoevenberg course. Tennant was convinced after his initial taste of the sport that this was for him.

Since then, a little more than two years ago, the pair has amassed numerous medals and trophies in competition against the best bobsledders in the world.

After Tennant's initial visit to Lake Placid with Sheffield, both mapped plans to form a two-man team and enter international competition. Their commanding officer at the time, Lieutenant Colonel Duane L. Faw, encouraged them, and early in January, 1961, after only a month of practice, the two found themselves in Cortina, Italy, at the World Bobsled Champion-

ships.

Sheffield and Tennant failed to capture the coveted world crown, but they finished fourth in the two-man competition and joined ace U.S. bobsledders Stan Benham and Chuck Randolph in the four-man event and won runner-up honors.

Returning to their duties with the Second Division's security platoon, the two mapped plans for the 1961 championships which were held at Sheffield's back door in Lake Placid.

Sheffield and Tennant were the first to arrive at the upstate New York site and for a month they studied the Mt. Hoevenberg course with its hairbreadth turns and icy straightaways. As part of their training for the world



championships, the team entered the Lake Placid Bobsled Club's trophy race, and to the amazement of most of the onlookers, they swept the two-man Intra-Club event down the mile-long course with an accumulated time of 2:33.42 for the two trips.

A week later, in the Adirondack A.A.U. Championships, with Sheffield at the wheel and Tennant acting as his brakeman, they flashed down the mile run four times in 4:53.90 to grab the lead in the race to determine the United States' representative in the forthcoming world championships. For their feat in the Adirondack meet they were awarded the J. Hubert Tevens Memorial Trophy.

After another week of practice, the two Marines, who had qualified for

the four-man runoffs as passengers on Stan Benham's Number One Team, won the right to represent the U.S. when they wound up third in the National A.A.U. meet. Their total of eight points (five for their first place finish and three for the third) gave them the designation of No. One team in the world championships.

If any one man dominates the world bobsled picture, it is the name of Eugenie Monti of Italy. Up until 1961, the steel-nerved Monti had won the two-man title four times and was considered an odds-on favorite to win his fifth. The odds-makers knew what they were talking about.

Monti, his sled rocketing so fast that it slid into a tree at the finish line, hardly touched the course during his final run of the competition. His record-breaking time of 1:9.22 cut almost three seconds off the former mark.

Monti's record-breaking runs narrowly overshadowed the efforts put forth by Sheffield and his brakeman, Tennant. Not conceded much of a chance to even finish in the top 10, the United States representatives were the biggest surprises of the meet.

Monti's cumulative time of 4:42.67 for four runs was a new record, surpassing Stan Benham's mark of 4:52.83, set in 1957. Sheffield did 4:45.74, and the home town crowd of 6000 cheered him and his Marine brakeman all the way down on his final run as he sought to end Monti's bobsled domination. But his 1:10.41, good as it was, could not match the Italian's record-smashing performance.

The week end following the two-man competition found Sheffield and Tennant aboard the sled piloted by the top-ranked United States sledder, Stanley Benham. Monti, the defending champion, was three-tenths of a second closer to another championship after the first day's competition when a heavy rain washed out the final day of competition.

For their remarkable performances in the 1961 bobsledding championships, both Sheffield and Tennant have been tabbed as this year's best prospects to win the world title in Switzerland.

What started out as a casual interest in another man's hobby has turned the team of Cpls Gary Sheffield and Jerry Tennant into the United States' hope of capturing the world two-man bobsled championship in 1962. **END**

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**Gary
Sheffield
and
Jerry
Tennant**





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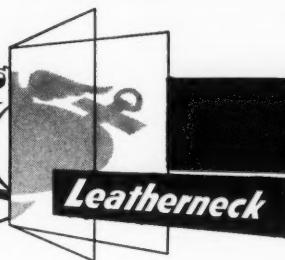
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From time to time, readers have requested information about the Corps Album photos we have printed. The following list of names and addresses of this month's contributors will make it possible for readers to write directly to the owners of the pictures for identification or information not contained in the captions.

E. S. Wood
5438 Bonner
Corpus Christi, Texas

TSgt Ray White, USMC, (Retd)
378 S. Euclid Ave.
Pasadena, Calif.

Cpl David G. Paul
M.S.G., American Embassy
Warsaw, Poland
c/o State Department Mail room
Washington 25, D. C.

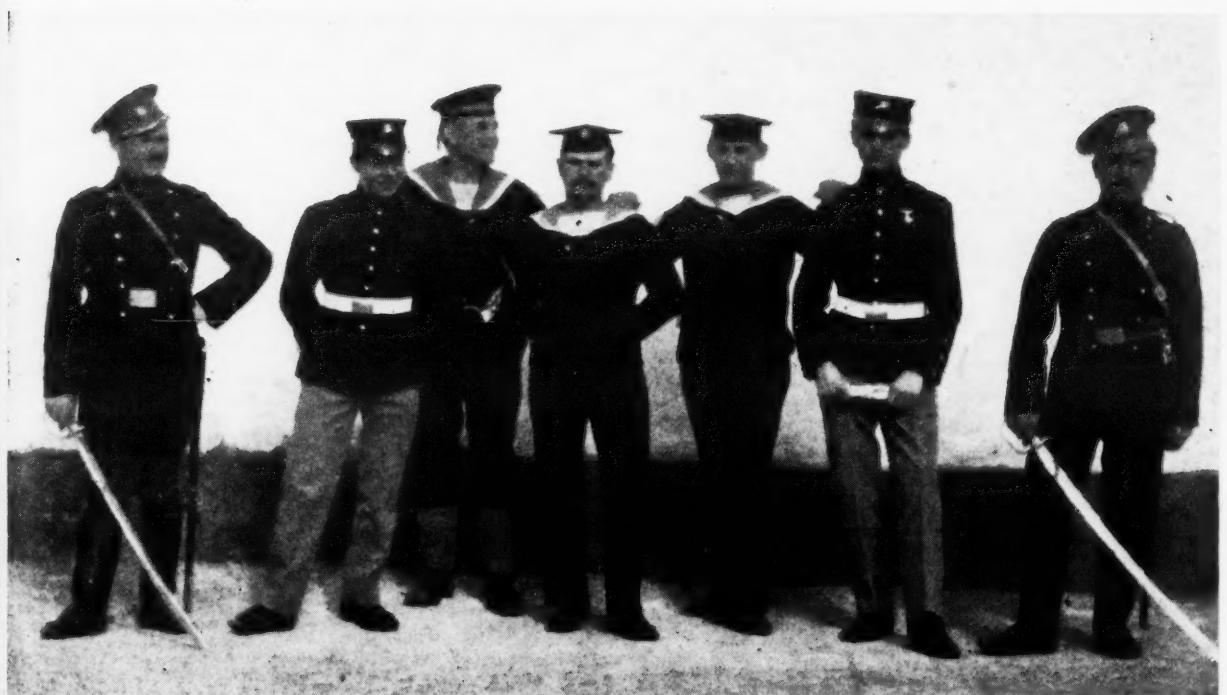
Submitted by E. S. Wood
The 73d Machine Gun Co., Sixth
Regt., at Quantico, in 1917.

Submitted
Russian
Marines



Submitted by T Sgt Ray White, (Retd)

Members of the West Coast Expeditionary Force's VF-6M Squadron, posed beside a Curtiss F6C-4 at North Island Naval Air Station, San Diego, Calif., in 1930.



Submitted by Cpl David G. Paul

Russian soldiers and sailors, who were serving in Peking around 1910, posed with United States Marines, who also were on duty in China's capital city.

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